VOL. CCXI, No. 2749

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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 18, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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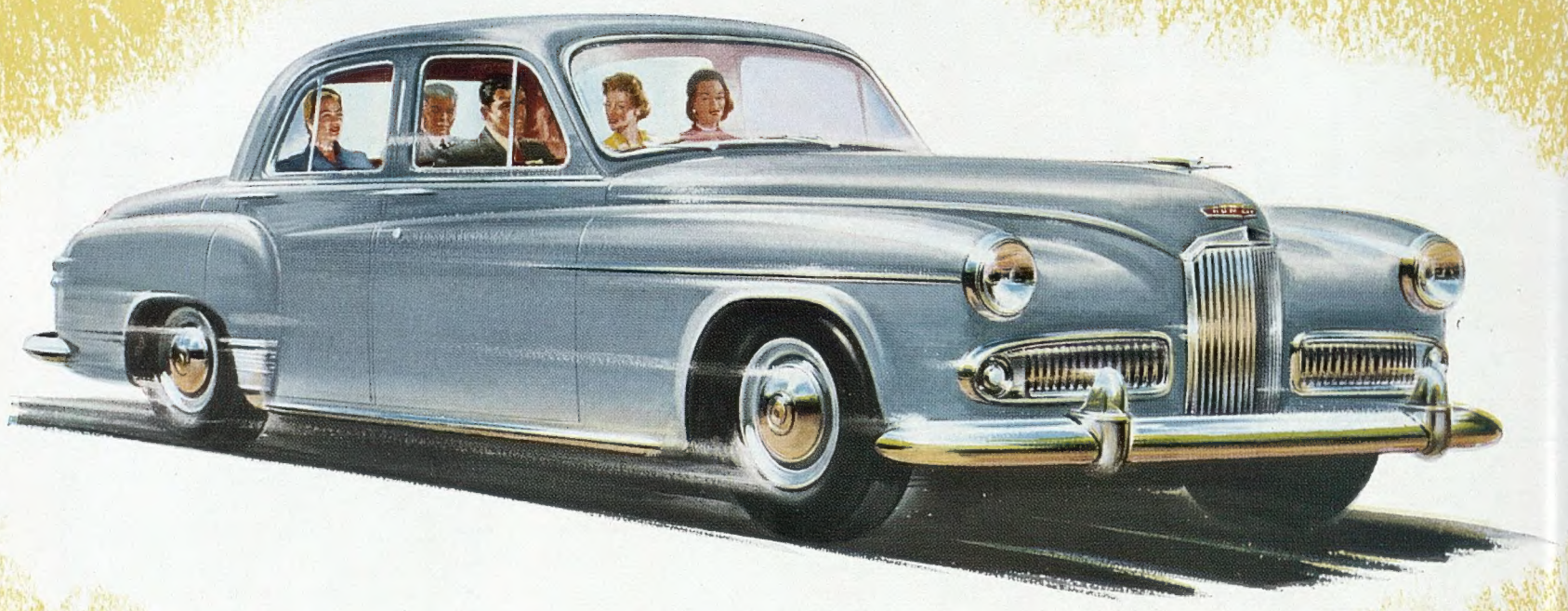

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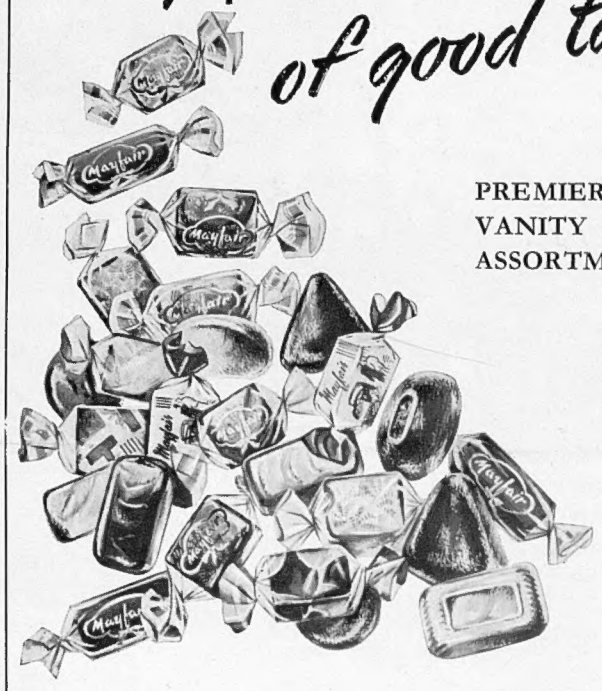

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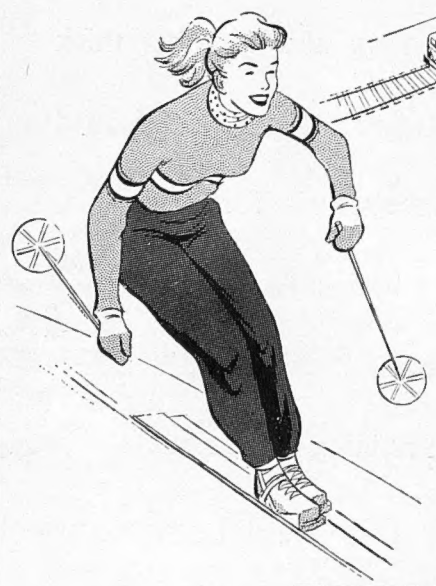

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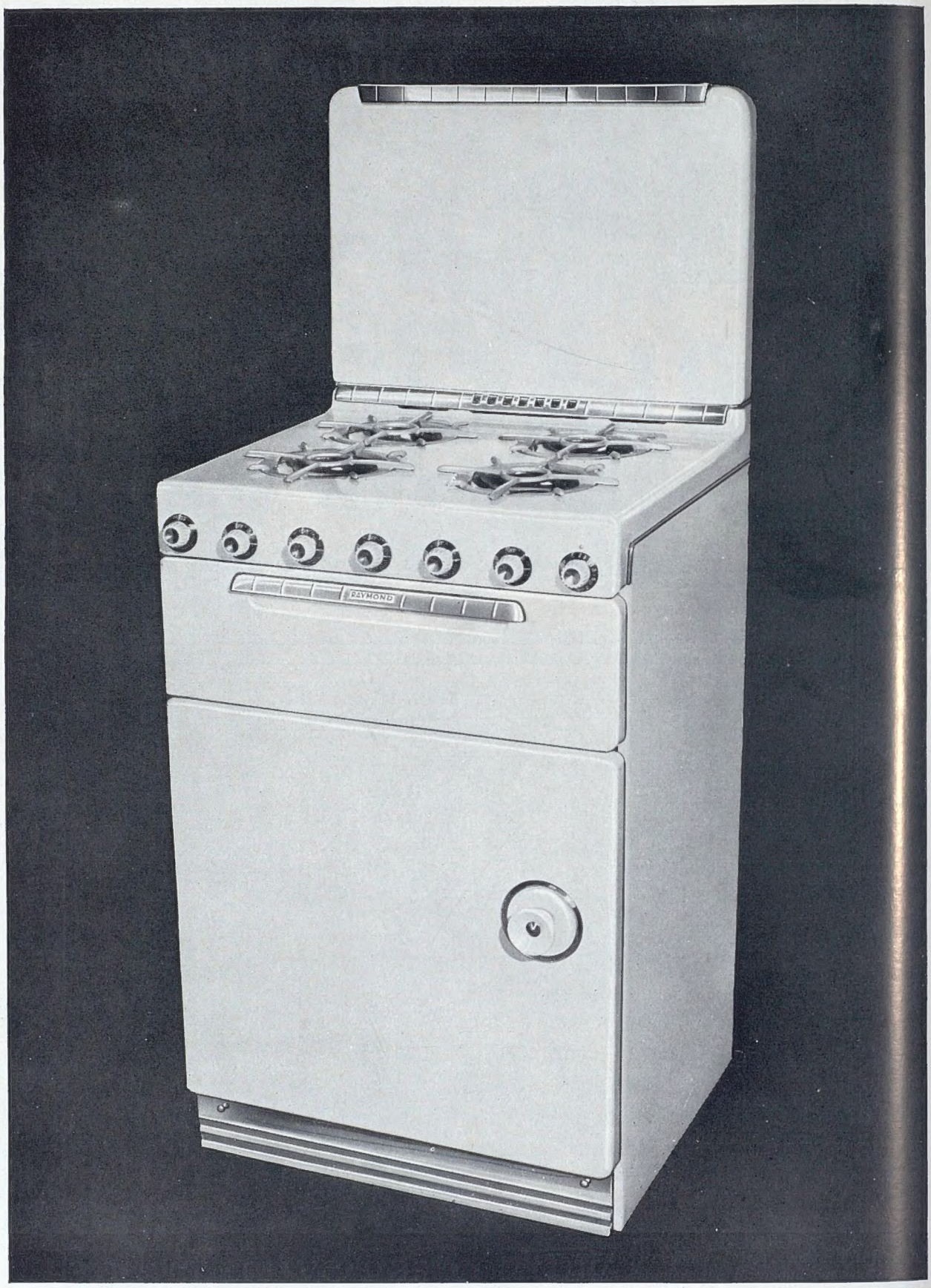
the most luxurious and effective gas cooking instrument of our times



Styled by Raymond Loewy, the world-famous industrial designer, the Raymond gas cooker has streamlined beauty. It has also been given unsurpassed technical perfection. The Raymond cooker is available on hire purchase in most areas. You are invited to view the Raymond at your local gas showrooms. It is another fine product of General Gas Appliances Ltd. of Audenshaw, Manchester. Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd., 28, Brook Street, London, W.1

Automatic and labour-saving beyond compare,
this gas cooker has 21 outstanding features
that make it a paragon in cooking performance . . .

The *RAYMOND* sells at 61½ guineas

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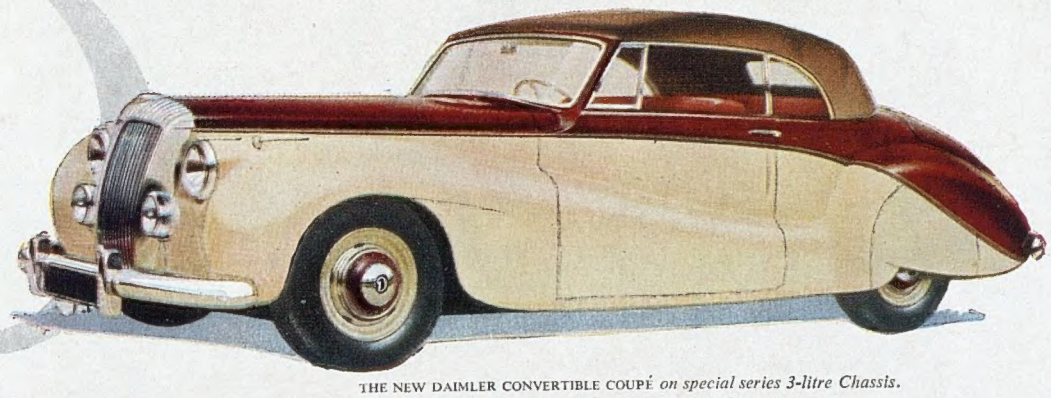

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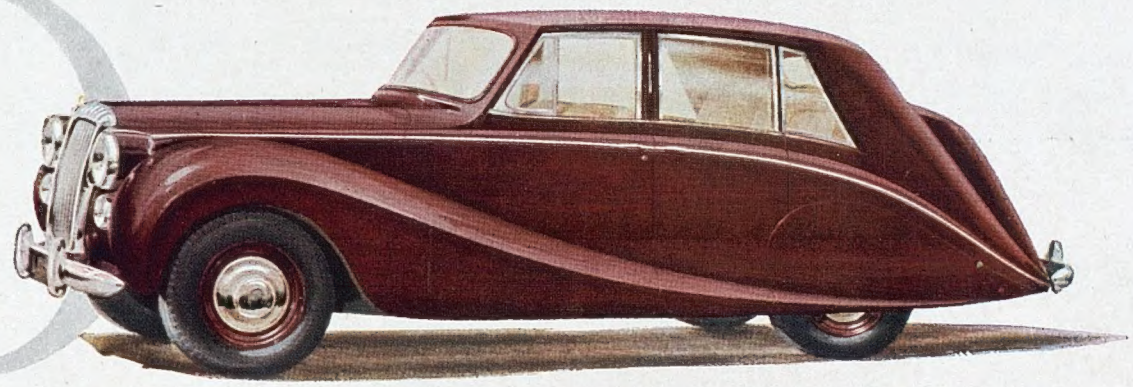

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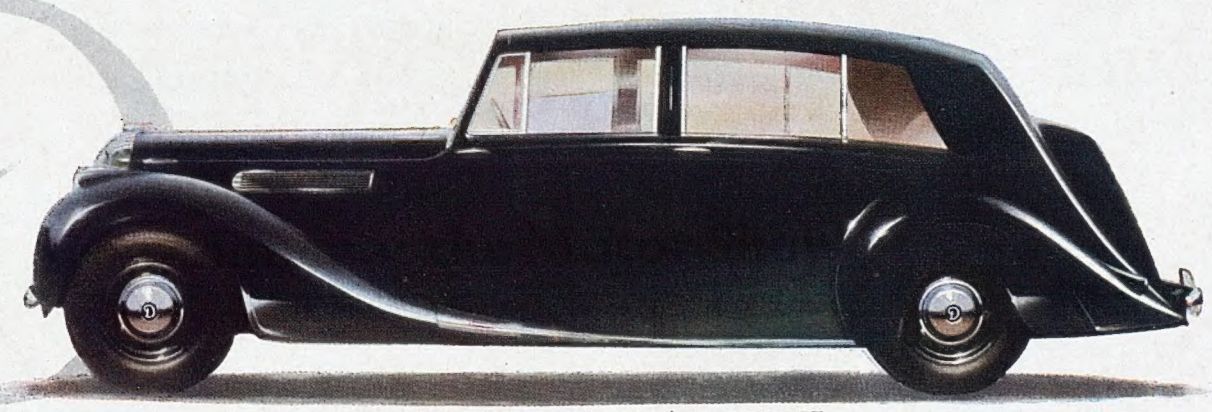

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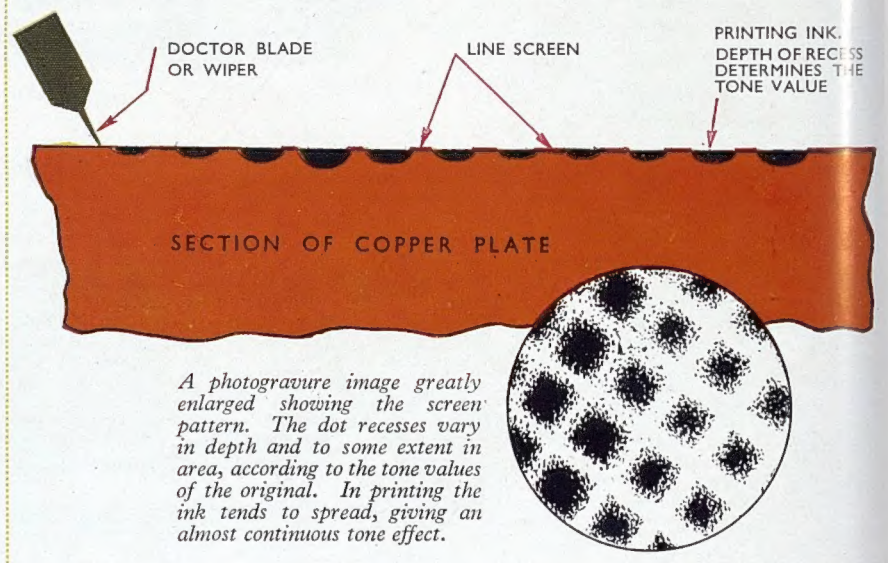
Scene reconstructed by Roy Cranch

IN LANCASTER, some eighty years ago, young Samuel Fawcett started work as an engraver of copper rollers for printing designs on oilcloth. A keen photographer, he quickly devised a way of saving time and labour. Using the natural sunlight in his conservatory-like exposing room, he prepared the rollers photographically and etched them by an acid process. Later he began to seek a means of reproducing fine gradations of light and shade. In 1890, when he had developed the system of ink control still used today, he met Karl Klic, an inventor from Austria. In collaboration they set out to apply Samuel Fawcett's methods to the printing of paper, and by 1895 they had evolved the photogravure process — now known throughout the world for the fineness and fidelity of its results. In achieving this quality, an important contribution has been made by the development through the years of the specialised gravure papers produced by the Reed Paper Group. For this is an organisation which has inherited from its founder, Albert E. Reed, a vigorous tradition of paper pioneering. As with gravure printings, so too with kraft newsprint and other papers, the changing needs of trade and times are constantly anticipated. In this way the Reed Paper Group, with its five mills, has acquired technological experience and technical resources unequalled today in the many-sided service it can offer.

Photogravure is an intaglio process whereby the design is etched into the surface of the printing plate. It gives a true reproduction of continuous tone, varied according to the thickness or depth of ink carried in the etched recesses. After inking, the flush surface of the plate is "wiped" with a blade. A line screen is incorporated and forms a bridge to carry the blade over the recesses. It was Samuel Fawcett who invented this line screen.



A photogravure image greatly enlarged showing the screen pattern. The dot recesses vary in depth and to some extent in area, according to the tone values of the original. In printing the ink tends to spread, giving an almost continuous tone effect.

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Volume CCXI No. 2749 The SPHERE, London, October 18, 1952

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

MR. CHURCHILL GOES TO SCARBOROUGH—THE PRIME MINISTER WITH MRS. CHURCHILL AS HE LEFT KING'S CROSS EN ROUTE TO THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE: The Conference, in contrast to the recent Labour Party Conference at Morecambe, was marked by great unanimity, with the 4,000 delegates reserving particular applause for Mr. Butler, Mr. Macmillan, and Mr. Eden. Mr. Churchill wound up his visit with an address at a party rally attended by 8,000 supporters.

Conservatives gathered in strength for the opening of their annual conference at Scarborough, no doubt cheered by all the troubles afflicting the rival camp. Last year's Conservative Conference was abandoned because of the impending General Election, and this year's conference brought together the 4,000 delegates of the constituencies to assess the progress of their party after a year in office. The Conference in all had five sessions, and during this period there were debates on some of the more important of the 186 motions which came before them, the principal subjects being defence, foreign policy, the financial and economic situation, housing and rent restriction, and the Transport Bill. Referring to the economic situation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer warned delegates that next year was going to be tougher than this year. One of the greatest ovations of the Conference was reserved for Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing and Local Government, who reaffirmed his belief that the target of 300,000 houses a year could be attained. (See also page 90 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

PORGY AND BESS COME TO LONDON

PORGY SINGS TO HIS NEIGHBOURS IN CATFISH ROW: William Warfield, as Porgy, the cripple beggar, pours out his soul in song. The white-suited figure towards the left is that of Cab Calloway, who plays the part of the peddler of drugs. *Porgy and Bess*, described as an American folk musical, although most critics have raised it to the level of an opera, was presented at the Stoll Theatre, London, last week and received with enthusiasm. This particular production has an all-negro cast and was first presented this year at the State Fair at Dallas, Texas.

BESS DANCES IN CATFISH ROW: Leontyne Price as the weak but affectionate cause of all the trouble in George Gershwin's folk musical. William Warfield, as the cripple beggar Porgy, kneels on a pulley tray and propels himself about the stage in this fashion throughout the three acts.

BESS AND SERENA WATCH THE MENFOLK FIGHT: This is another scene from *Porgy and Bess*, at the Stoll Theatre.

Is America to have its own indigenous opera? It would rather appear so, for Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, a story of negro life amid the slums of Charleston, has many of the qualities of a first-rate opera, and something more—a faithful adherence to the negro folk idiom. The characterisation of *Porgy and Bess* is superb, with William Warfield, a warm baritone, as Porgy, Leontyne Price as Bess, Cab Calloway as the drug peddler, John McCurry as the giant Crown, taking most of the honours. The volatile moods of the negro, his generosity, his humour, his religion, his proneness to violence, all have a part in this fascinating production, which triumphs despite the fact that it lapses from time to time into vaudevillian clichés.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Railway Disaster.—The Wealdstone tragedy—one of the worst railway disasters in our history—is already a week old, and the exhaustive investigations into its causes and into any failure of safety devices are still proceeding. Our world is inured to holocaust and mass-killing and invariably distance mitigates the shock. It is when large-scale tragedy comes to our street, our county, our own land that it obsesses our minds, and crowds out historically more important matters as of no account. When a disaster of this magnitude occurs on the railways of Britain, notoriously the safest means of getting about, there is a tendency to question whether any safety devices can be made effective against a series of evil coincidences. Clearly there was no time for the Euston-Manchester train (itself five minutes behind schedule) to receive warning of obstruction on its own line, but the Perth-Euston train was more than an hour late and normally would have been in London before the local pulled into Wealdstone. Yet lateness in autumn is common in the night trains from Perth, and that situation must often result where expresses and locals share the line to London. It is profitless and undesirable to speculate. In the last report, very recently published, of the Inspector of Railways, there was a warning that still greater care was needed in the working of modern signal devices owing to the shortage of highly-trained men in that department. Two recent railway accidents, I think, were judged due to neglect or ignorance of such devices. Old railway men are sometimes suspicious of the latest electrically-controlled methods, and regard too much faith in them, implying a less concentrated reliance on the skill and sense of responsibility imposed on trained employees as a backward rather than a forward step towards railway security. Those who best understand this complicated system of transport will in due course give their findings and recommendations. There is nothing for us now but sorrow and sympathy for the victims and their bereaved families in this dreadful tragedy.

Moderation and Mossadek.—Mr. Eden is praised in diplomacy, and justly, for his constant restraint and efforts towards harmony and pacification. Mossadek's first outrageous ultimatum would have received a short answer or none from a Palmerston in the days of "gunboat" diplomacy. Indeed, most of the nation felt that our answer required no efforts at conciliation. The ultimatum was too gross, the insult too great. But Mr. Eden did his best to reason and conciliate, and has found once more that conciliation is not enough with dictators, petty or grand. Already we have been jockeyed into accepting barefaced theft under the title of "nationalisation" and highway robbery as a matter of adjustment by arbitration and accountancy. In Mossadek's equally outrageous second thoughts, there appear to be no more grounds for sympathetic examination in detail and sweet, reasonable replies than in the first. Mossadek has brought his country to ruin by his intransigence and high-handedness. But this is a queer way in which to invoke the sympathy of those with the means to help—first to steal their property, then to cancel out the profits of the theft through incompetence, and then to ask confidently for a fancy price for the value of stolen goods, half of it cash down and the remainder as condition precedent to an arbitration on minor points of difference.

Chancellor to Bankers.—Every year the Lord Mayor entertains the Chancellor and the leading bankers and merchants of the City, and when the turtle and oysters are eaten, the Chancellor speaks and the experts listen and criticise or approve, only one of their number formally voicing opinions. Last week the Chancellor was lucid and simple. Even a layman could have found the bones and beak of his discourse. We are not through the wood. We have secured a breathing-space. The drain on our gold reserves, Labour's legacy to Conservatism, has been scotched, even killed. We earned a small surplus with the rest of the world in the first six months of 1952, in contrast with a deficit of £400,000,000 the previous half-year. Nor did this surplus depend on Defence Aid from America. This improvement is better and came quicker than anyone expected. On the other hand, much of it was due to temporary circumstances in our favour and to once-for-all jiggerings. To improve our external balance of payments, we robbed Peter to pay Paul; we cut imports some of which are essential for increased exports, and in doing so risked the loss of overseas markets by retaliation. This policy was vital expediency and cannot continue. There are already danger signs. Mr. Butler is well aware that Government spending remains too high and himself is resolved next April to deal with that danger again. He made it clear that we can't both at the same time increase our home comforts and spend our last shilling on making ourselves secure against aggression. In our economy, guns and butter are incompatible objectives. That we have heard before. *The Times* in a leader voiced a less commonplace danger: that our Government as a whole may not even now endorse Mr. Butler's simple but unpopular conclusion.

Country or Party?—I hope that danger is exaggerated. Jointly and severally the Government pledged itself to pursue that policy without fear of unpopularity before the last election. They have often repeated that pledge and done a good deal in a small way to implement it, and they have earned unpopularity with a large part of the nation, though I fancy the successes they can show already would reveal that rather more than half the electorate to-day approves. But if the Government, the principal Ministers, are not wholeheartedly and unitedly behind him on this austere policy, it can only mean one of two things. Either they are thinking in terms of party and their first anxiety is for votes, or they are thinking in terms of departments and they fear that the curbing of expenditure should have a bad effect on the efficiency and results of their own departments. It is not measures but the *results* of measures which will win or lose them the next General Election. That, I think, is made clear by this "interim" report. They must unite to risk day-to-day unpopularity to achieve final approval. For if the Ministers in power are not persuaded, what persuasion can move the less responsible in the ranks of the Opposition?

THE 287th RACE FOR THE NEWMARKET TOWN PLATE

NINE OF THE JOCKEYS SEEN BEFORE THE START OF THE RACE FOR THE NEWMARKET TOWN PLATE: This is the only race under Jockey Club Rules open to women, and it was won this year by Miss Betty Richards (third from left) on Freddy Fox—a 4 to 1 favourite. Miss Richards, who is a niece of Gordon Richards, beat Controller, ridden by Miss Angela Beechener, by a length-and-a-half, thus gaining her second successive victory in this annual race. The Newmarket Town Plate was established and endowed by King Charles II. in the year 1666.

Russia's Two Voices.—Equivocal and Sphinx-like, Russia keeps the Cold War going, the Western capitalists on their toes, and the armaments piling up to the detriment of world trade and consumer goods. No sooner does Stalin lock the dogs of war into their kennel than his kennel-boy produces a duplicate key and lets them out. Stalin's lullaby is drowned in Malenkov's siren. How dares Malenkov interrupt and contradict the Great Panjandrum? It is not really a great mystery. In a small way we find the same discrepancy in the utterances of our Government pundits. The Board of Trade wants confidence and a sense of security to stimulate trade and export. The War Departments and Home Secretary must make our flesh creep to obtain more recruits to the R.A.F., the Civil Defence and so on. And so on, indeed, through every department; their interests clash and their propaganda varies. In Russia, Stalin is remote and grows remoter, the seer, the prophet, the theorist. His latest theory is that the Capitalist Powers are much nearer economic disintegration than they know, and already on the verge of disintegration of such unity as they profess. He wants also more trade with the West, and a little more world confidence, false security, would serve all his ends. His lieutenants deal with the brass-tacks, and must see to it that hatred and fear of Capitalist aggression are kept up to avoid complacency and tolerance with other nations in their aims and ways of life. A new five-year plan

for Russia's internal economy can only progress before the whips of fear and hate and a sense of isolation or encirclement. Only so can it be a national struggle for "survival," uniting all elements, the faithful, the doubters, the lazy-minded. Fear is the spur to endeavour used in the West as well as in the East. That is what a Cold War means. Meanwhile we blow hot and cold, hope and despair and alternate between complacency and brief returns to zeal.

"All the Lords and Ladies."—

"Och! the Coronation
What celebration
With emulation
Can with it compare!
When all the Lords and Ladies
And the Miss O'Gradys
Were standing round before the Abbey door."

The jingle belonged to a Coronation now remote. The Lords and Ladies in those days were quite important people. They owned two-thirds of the land of England, they elected or kicked out half the M.P.s, they blocked or approved all kinds of legislation, they were fewer and much more powerful, received enormous deference outwardly expressed at least, practised *noblesse oblige* on a higher average and were very much an Estate of the Realm. The Miss O'Gradys were the reigning toasts of the day and no doubt their living successors will scramble in to a place somehow. But the Lords and Ladies to-day will tot up (with dowagers) to a thousand, and the problem of getting them in and away and seating them is more than a police or Earl Marshal problem. They will jostle round the Abbey door for hours. The kitchens of the House of Lords must feed them somehow. A bridge will be built for them to keep them out of the traffic. The bridge business will take two-and-a-half hours. and the space they will take up in the Abbey to-day—if a Coronation is to be a "live" as well as a solemnly traditional rite shared by all the nations of the Commonwealth—is out of all proportion to their *worth*. Only a small percentage practise *noblesse oblige*, they hold little land and no patronage, very few trouble to take part in the very restricted legislation still available to them. To the general public this Estate of the Realm has ceased to mean anything at all. Why, then, all these "headaches" to accommodate them *all* to the exclusion of people who matter in the Commonwealth? "Precedent and Tradition" say the traditionists, the Heralds and Marshals and ceremonial pundits. Precedents are the dead-hands of reality. They throttle the living breath. All of which struck one Old Stager last July, and now pundits and even peers are tumbling to the anomaly also. Perhaps THE SPHERE's bombs are delayed-action bombs. Perhaps what THE SPHERE thinks in July, England begins to think in October. I allow myself a smile, but the Lords and Ladies (be sure) will be there on the day (and their mothers will come, too), though their professions be Cashel Byron's or Mrs. Warren's or older still.

Epoch-making Explosion.—The Monte Bello explosion—our own home-made bomb—was hailed by Premier, pundits and people as epoch-making. Some of them should know, at any rate more than I. I ask myself: What sort of an epoch? Nice or nasty? Safer or sadder? There were so many interested parties all waiting to cash in on the lessons of the big flash which will take some time to release. Stalin, for example, who had just guaranteed that Russia would in no circumstances go to war with the Western Powers except in self-defence. And our Government and F.O., deeply concerned with our position as a *sleeping* partner of America in atomic secret matters. And our C.I.G.S., agog to reshape the technique of modern warfare (concentrations of masses of troops, dispersals, infiltration and all logistics of war) by the results of the flash. And the Home Secretary and Civil Defence authorities. When we speculate about the nature of the new epoch created by the explosion, we are confused by the multiplicity of interests concerned. The explosion at Hiroshima produced results not to everybody's taste. Of all these interests, a majority, it is fair to say, had based, and hoped to test, their researches at Monte Bello on the lessons of Hiroshima, and that is rather a tainted source from which to derive a pure river for the cleansing of the miseries of human life. If after the explosion a few scientific voices had been raised in exultation of the perfection of a new means of healing and warming mankind and affording power to its industries, I should feel less uncomfortable about the explosion. But by and large it was hailed as a great improvement on Hiroshima and other rival bangs.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE MOTOR SHOW

By Sir Miles Thomas

AND "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

In the caption to the frontispiece of THE SPHERE dated October 4, 1952, it was stated that the speaker shown at the unveiling ceremony of the Commandos Memorial at Spean Bridge was Mr. W. G. Gilmour Smith. This was an error on the part of the agency which supplied the picture to THE SPHERE, and it has since been pointed out that the speaker was, in fact, Major-General R. E. Laycock, C.B., D.S.O.

A MOBILE WORKSHOP ON A MOTOR-RACE CIRCUIT

AN AUSTIN-MORRIS MINOR, NEARING THE END OF A TEN-DAY, 10,000-MILE, NON-STOP TRIAL, ENTERS A MOVING SERVICE STATION AT THE GOODWOOD MOTOR-RACING CIRCUIT, SUSSEX: Two mechanics, Jim Townsend (left) and Dave Gills, cling to the framework of the mobile garage as they prepare to service the car. During the ten days the car averaged 45 m.p.h. at 43 miles per gallon, and at no time during this period did the wheels stop revolving. All refuelling, engine, gearbox and back-axle oil changes, greasing and normal maintenance work were carried out while the car was in motion and by the means of the special research tender. The whole project was devised and carried out by the Nuffield Organisation Central Experimental Department. Double-acting syringes connected to a built-in piping system were used for oil changes, while other devices made in the experimental Department were used for radiator-filling and keeping the battery topped with distilled water. The car was powered by the new 803 cc. Morris Minor overhead-valve engine.

THE FIRST MORRIS MINOR TO BE MADE SINCE THE MORRIS-AUSTIN MERGER IS REFUELLED IN THE MOBILE WORKSHOP: As soon as the car had been driven into the mobile "dry-dock" and the two vehicles locked together, the tender's engine was switched off so that there could be no possibility of the tender acting as a towing vehicle. When the time came to change a tyre, the wheel was locked and cleared off the ground by lifting tackle, and the change made while the other three wheels continued to revolve. With all repairs and refuelling completed, the tender then drew ahead, leaving the car, with its crew of two, to continue its test run.

THE CLOSING PHASE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY CONFERENCE AT SCARBOROUGH: Mr. Chur ill is seen addressing the delegates. He told them that on the whole the danger of a w rld war had receded during the past year. He also declared that within the year he transport and steel Nationalisation Acts would be repealed, affirming that this w uld not be done out of Party spite or out of contrariness. The Premier concluded ith a reference to Britain's comradeship with the U.S.A., the foundation of our foreign po cy.

THE CONSERVATIVES IN CONCLAVE

The Annual Conference of the Party at Scarborough Brings 4,000 Delegates from the Constituencies

LORD AND LADY WOOLTON ARRIVING AT SCARBOROUGH: Lord Woolton became very ill in the course of the Conference, and had to undergo an operation in a Scarborough nursing-home for a perforated appendix with extensive peritonitis. It was stated last Sunday that he had made satisfactory progress. Lord Woolton is the Lord President of the Council and the chairman of the Conservative Party.

A CROWD SURGES ROUND MR. AND MRS. EDEN AS THEY LEAVE THE CONFERENCE HALL: The Foreign Secretary's speech constituted a careful analysis of Soviet policy. He also emphasized the need for a "true partnership" between the Commonwealth and America.

ONE GAVE A PLEDGE AND THE OTHER GAVE A WARNING, AND BOTH RECEIVED OVATIONS: Mr. Harold Macmillan (*left*) told the Conference that the Conservatives would press on to the target of 300,000 houses a year. Mr. Butler (*right*) indicated a tougher year ahead.

THE TRIPLE TRAIN DISASTER AT WEALDSTONE

FOUR PAGES OF PICTURES TAKEN DURING NIGHT-AND-DAY RESCUE AND SALVAGE OPERATIONS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH

THIRTY-SIX-TON CRANES WORKED THROUGH THE NIGHT BENEATH THE GLARE OF ARC-LAMPS AND SEARCHLIGHTS, REMOVING THE DEBRIS OF THE TWO EXPRESSES AND OF THE TRING TRAIN WHICH CRASHED AT HARROW AND WEALDSTONE STATION ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 8, CAUSING GRIEVOUS LOSS OF LIVES : *In the top picture* one of the coaches of the London to Manchester express is being lifted clear to allow the rescue workers to continue their search for further victims. *Below*— Wrecked coaches which actually mounted the station platform at the time of the crash. Further pictures will be found on the following three pages of this issue.

A 100-TON ENGINE LIES ON ITS SIDE: This engine of the Euston to Manchester express had been travelling at speed when it entered Harrow and Wealdstone Station, and it was hurled on its side through hitting the debris thrown up by the first crash. In some places the triple crash resulted in the debris being piled to a height of 40 ft.

THE TRIPLE TRAIN DISASTER AT WEALDSTON

TWO EXPRESSES AND A LOCAL TRAIN PILE UP IN THE MOST SERIOUS TRAGEDY ON BRITISH RAILWAYS SINCE THE GRETNA DISASTER OF 1915

Under the glare of arc-lights and searchlights rescue squads, throughout second night following the disaster, were still hacking their way thro the wreckage of the three trains which crashed at Harrow and Wealds Station, and over forty-eight hours later the bodies of victims were being sought amid the tightly-jammed tangle of steelwork, which ros a height of 40 ft. above the permanent way.

Just before six o'clock on the morning following the disaster wor paused to watch the first train pass through Harrow and Wealdstone Sta since the crash. It was a Glasgow to London express, and went thro at 5 m.p.h., with passengers craning from the windows to see the h piles of wreckage. A quarter-of-an-hour later a Manchester train w by, and from then on trains continued to pass through at twenty-mi intervals. The electric services, however, were not reopened on this d and the task of the demolition gangs went on.

As the 36-ton cranes went into action, lifting the debris gently to a injuring anyone who might still be alive, pipelines carried oxygen into depths of the wreckage, blowing it in freely. The scene on the partly-wrec Harrow and Wealdstone Station recalled the aftermath of a major warti bomb incident. Doctors, Civil Defence workers, members of the Red Cross

THE SECOND LOCOMOTIVE OF THE EUSTON TO MANCHESTER EXPRESS LYING ON ITS SIDE ON THE SUBURBAN ELECTRIC LINE AT HARROW AND WEALDSTONE STATION : It was the Manchester express from Euston, five minutes late because of brake trouble, which hit the mingled wreckage of the 7.30 from Tring and the wreckage of the Perth to Euston express. The Perth express, which was running ninety-five minutes late after travelling through the night, ploughed through the rear of the Tring train to cause the worst rail disaster in Britain since 1915, when 227 people lost their lives in the Gretna Green crash. The death-roll in the Harrow disaster was over 100, and the search for victims was still proceeding throughout the following two days.

W.V.S., police, firemen and ambulance workers toiled through long hours, and slowly a way was cleared to the bodies beneath the grotesquely interlocked coaches. At one stage a fire broke out amid the wreckage, having been caused by red-hot coals from one of the overturned engines, but this was soon put out by the fire brigade, who carried their hoses along the length of the smashed trains.

American Air Force doctors, nurses and orderlies rendered conspicuous aid, having been dispatched to the scene by Colonel C. Coler, of 3rd Air Force H.Q. at neighbouring Ruislip. They took to Wealdstone stretchers, medical equipment, blankets and blood plasma. Special supplies of plasma were flown from Burtonwood, the American air base in Lancashire.

The East Middlesex coroner opened the inquest on some of the victims of the disaster on October 9.

SIX LINES WERE BLOCKED AFTER THE TRIPLE CRASH : This overhead view was taken at Harrow and Wealdstone Station shortly after the disaster. There was not only loss of life among the passengers in the Tring train and the two expresses, but also among those on the platforms. The pile-up occurred within an elapsed time of less than a minute. Only a signalman's swift action saved an electric train from running into the debris.

THE RESCUERS AT WORK : With bare hands the rescuers wrenched open carriage doors and broke windows to get the victims out, while others organised a stretcher service. Platform 6 at Harrow and Wealdstone Station became the first-aid headquarters, and to this platform the less seriously injured staggered to receive attention.

A BREAKDOWN CRANE BEGINS LIFTING THE WRECKAGE : At first rescuers swarmed across the wreck of the three trains to do what they could with their own hands, and then came the heavy lifting equipment of the railway breakdown organisation, and the heartbreaking task of removing tons of debris from the shattered bodies of the victims was begun. The work continued throughout the day of the crash, and when evening came it still went on under the glare of flares. Even on the following morning a complete examination of the wreckage had not been made and many bodies remained to be brought out. Mr. J. W. Watkins, Chief Regional Officer of the London Midland Region, who superintended rescue operations, estimated that twelve coaches were wrecked and of these at least five or six became jumbled up in a solid mass of steel framework, bogies and coachwork from which the casualties had to be extricated. On the summit of this wreckage were borne two express corridor coaches, standing side by side—one from each of the two expresses.

The TRIPLE TRAIN DISASTER at WEALDSTONE

On right—

A MAN OF GOD STANDS AMID THE DEBRIS : The Rev. John Richards, of St. John the Baptist Church, Harrow, who hurried to the scene of disaster and played his part throughout the day in rendering help to the injured and in bringing succour to the dying.

Below—

ONE OF THE OVERTURNED ENGINES, AND ALONGSIDE IT COACHES OF THE MANCHESTER EXPRESS : All three trains involved in the disaster were running late, and it was this precise combination of lateness in all three trains that contributed to the triple pile-up within a London suburban station at its busiest time of day.

THE CLOUD FROM BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC EXPLOSION RISES SKYWARD—A RAGGED CLOUD WHICH DID NOT AT FIRST ASSUME THE FAMILIAR MUSHROOM PATTERN OF AMERICAN ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS: Three minutes after the explosion the cloud was a mile wide at its centre, and the shape at the top was that of a ragged letter Z. With this explosion Britain became the third nation in the world to have a working atomic weapon. Further experiments are now planned.

BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC TEST

The Mighty Cloud which Soared Over the Monte Bello Islands, North-western Australia, in a Test which has Since Been Pronounced "a Great Success"

Britain now becomes the third nation in the world to have an effective atom bomb, her achievement being recorded seven years after the United States and three years after Soviet Russia. The long delay in the development of the British atom bomb has not been due to lack of knowledge, but to lack of productive facilities.

During the war Britain and the United States pooled their efforts to produce the first atom bomb. America built plants at a cost of two billion dollars, and Britain contributed her scientists to the great experiment. But in the final stages of the development of the bomb access to some of the most secret processes was restricted to Americans. Britain's requests for information that would enable her to produce an atom bomb were rejected. Later the American Congress passed laws barring the disclosure of certain classified information on the atom to any country. As a result Britain went ahead on her own; but delays were inevitable, and she had to concentrate for the most part on the theory of atomic energy.

To-day Britain is probably as advanced in theoretical knowledge as the United States, and she may indeed be ahead in some respects, while the Monte Bello experiment points to her success in the practical field. On the other hand, the United States is far ahead in production, having stockpiles of atom bombs estimated to reach three figures and a variety of atomic weapons, including a "Big Bertha" atomic gun, which was illustrated in last week's issue of THE SPHERE.

In commenting on Britain's atomic explosion in the Monte Bello Islands, Dr. O. N. Solandt, chairman of the Canadian Defence Research Board, declared everything had gone according to plan. Dr. Solandt revealed that he had been specially interested in the Civil Defence side of the tests. While at Monte Bello he was able to study what would have happened to human beings had they been in the area affected by the explosion. In due course, it is assumed, this vital information will be placed at the disposal of Britain's Civil Defence authorities, who are now working so very much in the dark.

TWO MORE ASPECTS OF THE ATOMIC CLOUD WHICH REARED ABOVE THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS, OFF NORTH-WEST AUSTRALIA: These pictures were taken from a hill in the coastal range, north of Onslow, where Press photographers gathered to record the explosion, making the most elaborate preparations in siting cameras of extra focal length. According to one observer, the shape and rate of the original smoke-puff revealed a frightening blast velocity over an unusually wide area.

WORLD NEWS, MAINLY WITH A POLITICAL FLAVOUR

MALENKOV SEEKS TO DIVIDE THE WEST; HARD TIMES FOR THE WAFD; THE SHAH DEFENDS MOSSADEK; STEVENSON ON TV.

STALIN LISTENS AS MALENKOV ATTACKS THE WEST: The Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union seen as he delivered his report to the Party Congress in Moscow, with the Generalissimo seated just behind him. Mr. Malenkov emphasized at some length the conflicting economies of the capitalist countries, and he charged American capitalism with having disorganised the economies of other capitalist countries by forcing them to accept American goods while at the same time erecting barriers against imports. Mr. Malenkov announced a nine-point programme for domestic policy, and he referred to certain shortcomings in the Russian industrial machine.

The struggle for the succession in Russia is a matter of abiding interest in the West, and it is only on rare occasions that noticeable changes in the hierarchy are to be discerned. The steady emergence of Malenkov as a public figure is particularly remarkable, and his major policy speech on domestic and foreign affairs made him one of the most outstanding figures at the Communist Party Congress in Moscow. Mr. Malenkov's speech was in part directed to non-Communist countries, urging them to break away from the United States and remain neutral in the cold war. Mr. Malenkov's remarks on the domestic situation in Russia were perhaps the most revealing. He urged the need for further education in the Communist Party in Russia if they were to obtain the right people for the right jobs. Nepotism had been rife, he said, and some people in leading positions in the Soviet Union had assumed that discipline did not apply to them. Details of embezzlement and the disclosure of top secrets had come to light, Mr. Malenkov said. There had also been cases of indifference and lack of organisation.

SIGNIFICANT CHANGES IN THE WAFD: *Left*—Mustafa Nahas, the former Egyptian Premier and the leader of the Wafd Party, the largest political party in Egypt, who has been dropped from the leadership in order to satisfy the demands of General Neguib. Mustafa Nahas is seventy-seven and has been Premier on seven occasions. *Right*—Abdel Salaam Gomaa, who has been named as the successor of Nahas. This appointment led to a pro-Nahas demonstration in Cairo by youths who marched through the streets shouting "We shall not abandon you, Nahas!"

With the re-registration of the Wafd as a political party, but a party purged of its old leadership, General Neguib has won yet another significant victory. The Party's application for re-registration is being signed by nine founder-members of the Party, and the name of Nahas is not among them. The Party's decision to abandon Nahas followed the news that the Egyptian State Council had decided to freeze the Wafd's fund of over £90,000 in the Bank Misr. Now the Party complies with the new registration law for political organisations it is to be assumed that the fund will once again be made available to the Wafd. The Saadist and Socialist Parties in Egypt have already reorganised their leadership under the purge laws and have applied for registration.

Meanwhile General Neguib goes from strength to strength, and he has even received a spontaneous ovation in Sammanud, a Wafdist stronghold and, and more significantly still, the home town of the dethroned Nahas. Nahas's claim to be the foremost Egyptian political leader would now appear to have been shattered by the extremely forceful dictator General.

TWO RAILWAY FERRY-BOATS PASSING EACH OTHER ON THE RIVER AT DETROIT: The railway wagons they carry make up the fast freight trains taking merchandise to and from the eastern cities. Although there is no regular schedule for the boats, they are timed to meet trains, and they make about eleven round trips across the river between Detroit and Windsor, Ontario, every twenty-four hours. Most railway ferries in America are towed by tugboats, but these, operated by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, are self-propelled. There is no bridge over the river at Detroit because of heavy water traffic.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA ARRIVES TO OPEN THE THIRD SESSION OF THE PERSIAN SENATE: The Shah, resplendent in a white uniform with gold epaulettes, arriving at the Parliament House to deliver his speech from the Throne, in which he came out strongly in support of Mossadek for his "admirable efforts in the oil dispute."

"I appreciate and admire Dr. Mossadek's efforts," declared the Shah in his inaugural speech in the Persian Parliament. Oil nationalisation, the Shah let it be known, had been achieved with his own personal support as well as the support of both Houses of Parliament. The Shah also referred in his speech to the special powers which had been vested in Dr. Mossadek, declaring that those powers would make it easier to institute reforms. The Prime Minister, he affirmed, had already taken a good step towards improving the lot of the peasantry, and he deplored the activities of those elements engaged in current intrigues creating trouble between peasants and landowners.

TELEVISION, NEWSREEL AND PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS FOCUS ON GOVERNOR ADLAI STEVENSON IN A TELEVISION STUDIO AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS : The Governor was about to broadcast a fireside chat over a nation-wide television hook-up, an experiment that proved a great success, showing the Democratic nominee's complete mastery of the television technique. A few days later Stevenson set out on his latest campaign tour, this time through eight States in the Middle West and the South, his intention being to adopt a somewhat fiercer line.

At the time of writing, the pace of the American Presidential campaign has increased markedly, but it is hard to know whether many waverers have been convinced either one way or the other by the torrent of words, the spate of rhetoric, to which they have been submitted. Since Stevenson and Eisenhower addressed the American Legion in New York in September, Stevenson has made fifty-nine speeches and travelled 16,300 miles by air and 800 miles by train. In this same period General Eisenhower has made twenty-one major speeches eighty-nine whistle-stop talks, travelled 22,500 miles by train and another 1,450 miles by car. From these figures it will be seen that the two candidates have sought to measure-up to travelling and speaking schedules which defy human endurance, and the closer they come to election day no doubt the heavier will be the pressure. Even Governor Stevenson, it is said, has long since passed the point when he can write all his own speeches, but he still pays more attention than the General to what other people are putting in his mouth. It is a significant fact that another Springfield man who stood for the Presidency did not make a single campaign speech between the time he was nominated and the time he was elected. That man was Abraham Lincoln, and his total campaign budget, it is said, was £12,500.

THE ARREST OF EARL BROWDER : The former head of the American Communist Party flanked by F.B.I. Guards as he was taken to the Federal Court in New York after being arrested and charged with swearing falsely when Mrs. Browder applied for naturalisation as an American citizen in 1946. Browder had apparently sworn that Mrs. Browder had never been a Communist. A Federal judge committed the Browders on bail of 2,500 dollars each. They said they had no money and asked to be released on their own recognisances. This was refused and they were remanded in the custody of the United States Marshal. Browder was formerly secretary-general of the American Communist Party and was once its candidate for President. In 1946 he was expelled from the Communist Party in America for deviating from the Party line, but he went to Russia and there—by his own description—was received as "an old and trusted friend." Afterwards he was appointed representative in America of Soviet publishing houses. Conviction on the charges against them would make Mrs. Browder liable to twenty years' imprisonment and 20,000 dollars in fines and Browder to five years' imprisonment and 5,000 dollars in fines. The Department of Justice of the United States Government has reported that Mrs. Browder entered the United States illegally from Canada in 1933, and in 1940 was ordered to be deported, but four years later the deportation order was cancelled. She went to Canada, re-entered America legally on a Russian passport, and applied for naturalisation in 1946.

On left—

OIL DERRICKS ALONG THE SHORE OF VENEZUELA'S LAKE MARACAIBO : Along the eastern shore of the lake a seemingly endless mass of oil derricks stretches for miles, and as this picture shows, many stand in the lake waters. Altogether there are some 2,600 oil derricks in the area, and tight security measures have been taken by the Venezuelan Government to protect the oil-producing region. To-day Venezuela leads the Latin-American countries in the production of oil, and the U.S., which absorbs 70 per cent. of the region's daily output of 1,300,000 barrels, has slashed duties on oil imports from that country.

THE MILITARY MIND IN WORLD POLITICS

From Neguib to Eisenhower the Pattern is the Same, With Men of Purely Military Experience Seeking New Fields to Conquer

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN asked whether the military mind unfitted its owner to political office, Napoleon replied by posing a second question complete with answer :

" What are the qualifications most essential for a military commander ? Why, his civil qualities—foresight, power of calculation, administrative ability, ready wit, eloquence (not legal but for soldiers), above all, a knowledge of men. All these are civil qualities."

Napoleon came to grief because his thirst for glory landed him in difficulties out of which all his talents for statecraft and administration could not get him. He assuredly did not fail as a soldier for lack of the civil qualities he outlined.

The fly in the ointment concerns the number of times the military mind has made itself felt only to queer matters, to entangle them and leave things in a worse condition than when the civilians were trying to cope.

Such a thought must be in many minds to-day, as we witness the military mind getting mixed up with one aspect after another of world affairs.

At the moment the Middle East is the venue. Just previously it had been General Eisenhower changing to " Mr." in the course of a painful and difficult operation. And to-morrow ? A German perhaps ? Maybe we shall not have long to wait before the first light footsteps of the copyists of Ludendorff and Von Seeckt are heard in the Fatherland.

The unique aftermath of World War II accounts for the abnormal military presence in the political sphere ; that and an undeniable diminution of public respect for politicians' capabilities and characteristics.

The problems attendant on occupying ex-enemy territory set soldiers to thinking politically. Such is no new thing. What is new, this time, is a Cold War superimposed. Carrying on in a form of half-light 'twixt war and peace, the soldier cannot help becoming involved in the politics of the Cold War.

F.M. Lord Montgomery offers a good example in connection with a visit he paid to Greece. Some time later he was advising General Eisenhower to have nothing to do with politics. He referred ruefully to the time when he got his own fingers burned in 1949. Yet all the F.M. did then was to tell Britain it was living in a fool's paradise on outside aid, and that it was about time it girded up its loins and worked harder.

But what about Greece ? Why S.H.A.P.E.'s Deputy Commander said in Athens that no nation should maintain in peacetime such armed forces that the standard of life of its people suffers, and in a trice politicians in half-a-dozen European capitals pounced on the remark as posing, among other things, the duration of military service.

The soldier had landed plump in politics—he who had wished to avoid them. Let the Field Marshal seek solace in the words of the War Minister, Mr. (late Brigadier) Head, who thinks that military affairs and politics are inseparable in the present state of things.

Passing in review the roles of military men in contemporary world politics, no type of nation is unrepresented, democracies having their " political-generals " along with Fascist, Communist and more hybrid and exotic regimes.

Through the '20's and the '30's were scattered a few examples of what has since transpired in heavier measure. Earliest was Admiral Horthy, who lasted nearly twenty years as ruler of Hungary, and lives on in Lisbon exile. Then there was that fierce fellow, Ludendorff (he bellowed at me for half-an-hour in his villa at Tutzing, August 1922). Among others who doubled the roles of military man and statesman or politician were Mustapha Kemal and his successor Ismet, Chiang Kai-shek, Mannerheim, Di Bono, Franco. Sikorski had a chair on the boulevard, thinking it out in book form. But it needed war and France really to publicise the process.

Marshal Pétain, General Weygand, General de Gaulle, Admiral Darlan, Generals Giraud and Catroux. Once Herriot, Reynaud, Blum and Daladier had been put away, about all that French politics seemed capable of producing against the military mind was a Laval and a Déat.

About the same time, the first of the Americans came to town : Admiral Leahy, and the town was Vichy, where he was envoy. Leahy's over-the-shoulder observations to F.D.R. guided that soul-in-joyous-travail more than has come to the surface. Anyhow, Leahy was to be the start of a mix-up of U.S. top brass with politics, the end of which none can foretell.

MacArthur, Marshall, Eisenhower, Mark Clark, Clay, Ridgway, Bradley (for the Joint Chiefs of Staff). When Senator Taft said he would sack the Chiefs of Staff if elected President, he wasn't attacking their military capacity, but their influence on foreign policy. In five years the Joint Chiefs have become one of the most important influences in American public life—and it was wished on them.

At the other extreme was the lone wolf MacArthur. The great MacA. evidently knew what he was doing in staying away from the U.S. for six years after the 1945 cease-fire. It was a transparent man who eventually returned, and he now directs a commercial house.

General Marshall might well be voted the biggest soldierly success in politics up to the present. Marshall Aid, later the Mutual Security Agency, and

GENERAL MARSHALL, A PRIME EXAMPLE OF THE SOLDIER TURNED POLITICIAN : This picture was taken during the General's recent visit to Capri. He may now be said to be in semi-retirement, but his political work during the post-war years represented a second career.

GENERAL AND MRS. RIDGWAY MEET QUEEN JULIANA : General Ridgway is a newcomer to the political field, and he certainly acquitted himself well on stepping in to take the place so suddenly vacated by General MacArthur in the Far East. Then followed his new post in Europe, where he succeeded General Eisenhower at the moment when the latter became the Republican nominee.

quite possibly taking on a third life next year, is in the nature of a lasting addition to human history. General Eisenhower did not swot up his political brief sufficiently. That his modest, sincere and honest nature was alien to American politics was surely handicap enough ? Very soon he gave signs of working under another disadvantage : he badly missed the chain of command which lies close to every big soldier's success at his own job.

Eisenhower at the White House could surprise Americans yet, in which event General Clay's penetrating mind would be on call.

In the meantime General Ridgway picks up the political side of S.H.A.P.E. from day to day, as he commands, and General Mark Clark is back in a military-cum-political job after his own heart in Tokyo. I suppose one has to be careful in writing about British military men washed (I did not say " cleansed ") by politics.

To begin at the top : F.M. Lord Alexander exercises as Minister of Defence civilian control over all three Services, a thing Lord Kitchener never came near to doing. How complex the job is, was shown by the Minister going to the Prime Minister to know if he should wear uniform while visiting Korea.

Mr. Head is the first soldier to be War Minister since " K." Mr. Churchill himself is an ex-Regular officer who has never shed the military side of his composition. Despite having to send another soldier, General Lord Ismay, to direct deeply political N.A.T.O. in Paris, the Prime Minister released General Jacob for the B.B.C.

Sir Brian Robertson's years in charge in Germany showed him to be in the front rank of soldiers gripped by politics. Maybe his sojourn on the Canal Bank, as yet outwardly barren enough, has a more fruitful side to come. Earl Mountbatten, a lone " political-sailor," is another for whom there may come a wider range in the Middle Sea or Middle East.

General Templer unites in Malaya the roles of a commander fighting a guerrilla campaign, and head of the political say-so, though it doesn't say so in print. As envoy we are losing to Australia, in F.M. Slim, one who was fairly getting into civilian, i.e., political affairs.

Broaden our canvas. Away at one side : Mao Tse-tung. Mao had been campaigning for fifteen years before he seized political power over 450,000,000 Chinese. He now sends Premier Chou to Moscow instead of going himself. There are even those who discern the makings of an eventual Far Eastern Tito.

Over in Formosa waits Chiang, in whom the politician was so clearly ousting the soldier the last time he was out in arms.

Tito is more interesting. He will be a " wow " if he ever gets to London, somebody really worth crowding the pavements for. Is he a hope or a danger ? A year or two ago, Franco saw in Tito a greater danger than Stalin. Meaning, of course, that Tito, hand out to the West, could proselytise for Communism as the Moscow Bear never could.

Greece has the aged General Plastiras as Premier, and the venerable Marshal Pagannos as leader of the Opposition.

Military men are barred from rising politically in the Satellite States yoked to Russia. The Russian Rokossovsky as good as governs Poland, but as a rule Marshal Stalin keeps soldiers to their lasts. They are all indoctrinated politically, but Stalin doesn't want any more Tuchashevskys.

General de Gaulle, that forthright figure of the Resistance, has lost twenty-seven M.P.s who refused to keep on trying to pull down the regime so that the General might inherit completely in his own way. General Billotte led the breakaway. Among Frenchmen, General Guillaume in Morocco is the only other soldier immersed in politics. Marshal Juin (Central European Command) is doing his utmost to steer clear of them.

Truly a remarkable glance at the Land of Gloire !

No sooner were critics counting on General Perón's regime dwindling in wake of his wife's death, than up bobbed a Chilean of the genus " Peronista." From 1927 to 1931 General Ibanez ruled Chile as a dictator. Now he has been voted back as President, after having been openly sustained by General Perón.

General Franco, in his fourteenth year of Spanish rule, is well able to bargain with Washington, and he does it to some purpose.

In Germany, Major-General Otto Remer's neo-Nazi " Socialist Reich Party " has dissolved and gone underground. Can it be to prepare the way for Admiral Doenitz, designated Führer by one of Hitler's last acts, and due for release from Spandau in four years' time ?

When soldiers seize political power, or it comes to them in other ways, they show reforming zeal, rely much on discipline of mind, and go straight for the main goals.

Major-General Neguib vied with General Eisenhower in focusing world attention on this whole matter of military men intervening in politics. Precipitatedly acclaimed as a second Ataturk, he was actually pushed forward by a small group of the younger officers, with brainy Regent, Colonel Mehanna, and very " Left " Colonel Sardat, at their head.

In Syria, an attempt to end the military dictatorship of Colonel Shishakly was defeated.

In the Lebanon General Chehab went back to his post as C.-in-C. after changing President Khoury for President Shamun.

President Ibarra of Ecuador didn't wait to be changed. He ordered the Army C.-in-C. and forty-five other leading officers into retirement, in a move to consolidate his control of the nation.

The wily Dr. Mossadek took a similar precaution many weeks earlier.

A "LOON" GUIDED MISSILE TAKING OFF FROM THE DECK OF THE AMERICAN SUBMARINE "CARBONERO": It was recently disclosed in Washington that four vessels of the American Navy have now been adapted for launching guided missiles. In addition to the battleship *Missouri*, the *Carbonero* and her sister-ship, the submarine *Cusk*, a former seaplane tender has also been converted. The first warship designed from the start for using guided missiles has also been launched.

MISSILE AND MONORAIL

Guided Missiles from U.S. Submarines; the German Monorail Train; an Improvement Scheme at Euston

"THE RAILWAY OF THE FUTURE"—TESTING THE MODEL GERMAN MONORAIL TRAIN NEAR COLOGNE: The train has wheels set high inside the coach with flanges to grip the single rail, and, travelling on bends, it would lean over at an angle approaching 45 degrees. A full-size train of this kind, carrying 200 passengers, could reach 100 m.p.h. on suburban runs and twice that on longer journeys. American engineers are reported to be considering the use of such trains in Los Angeles, where the traffic problems are acute. The single rail of the train could be raised high above road traffic on slender concrete posts, avoiding the massive bridges of conventional overhead railways which are to be found, for instance, in New York. The monorail train, however, is not a new idea. A propeller-driven car suspended from a single overhead rail was built by Mr. George Bennie near Glasgow in 1930 and has been lying derelict for years.

THE GERMAN MONORAIL TRAIN TRAVELLING AT SPEED ON ITS TEST TRACK NEAR COLOGNE: This is a model built only for trial purposes. The full-scale monorail train would seat 200 passengers.

On right—

WORKMEN FILLING IN THE CRATER ON THE SITE OF THE OLD SIGNAL-BOXES AT EUSTON STATION, LONDON, WHERE A NEW COLOUR LIGHT SYSTEM OF SIGNALS IS BEING INTRODUCED: One new power-operated signal-box of the latest type has been built on the line clear of the station to replace three of the old-type boxes and make it unnecessary for a fourth to deal with main-line traffic. The new system is part of a £300,000 scheme of improvements. The complicated track outside the station is to be simplified and a number of the platforms are to be lengthened. It is believed that the improvements will eliminate much of the present delay to incoming trains. Until November 9 the work will necessitate some interference with traffic normally dealt with at Euston. Some trains will be diverted to St. Pancras and boat trains coming from Liverpool will run into Paddington.

Restoring Cassino's Abbey

ONE-THIRD OF THE TASK IS COMPLETED, AND SINCE 1950, WITH THE CLEARING OF THE WAR-TIME RUBBLE, PROGRESS HAS BEEN RAPID

A STONE-MASON AT WORK IN FRONT OF THE SOUTH WING OF THE MONASTERY ON THE HILLTOP ABOVE CASSINO : In this sector the rebuilding has gone ahead rapidly in the past two years, and the massive new walls are at their full height. The task of rebuilding the monastery may take ten, fifteen or twenty-five years in accordance with the speed with which funds are forthcoming.

LOOKING THROUGH AN ARCH OF THE ORIGINAL BUILDING TO THE RECONSTRUCTED PART OF THE CASSINO MONASTERY : Probably as much as £1,500,000 will be needed to rebuild just the plain brick and stone edifices of the resurgent Abbey—that is to say, without any embellishment at all.

DECORATIVE MARBLE BEING PLACED IN POSITION AT THE BASE OF COLUMNS WITHIN THE MONASTERY : In the foreground are squares of marble, also for columns.

RESCUED FROM THE RUBBLE : A monk standing beside the statue of King Ferdinand II of Naples. This statue was smashed at the waist in the bombing.

MASTERPIECES IN MARBLE AND BRONZE ADORN THE NEW MONASTERY : *Left*—Visitors pause to admire the prowess of Ernesto Gobi, the marble expert, as he puts the finishing touches to a mosaic. *Right*—The bronze door of the chapel, with its panels depicting the four occasions when the monastery was laid waste. The Lombards destroyed it in A.D. 580, the Saracens followed suit in 642, the place was all but levelled by an earthquake in 1343, and it was bombed by the Allies in 1944. The bottom panel in this group represents a bomb hurtling down upon the monastery.

Eight-and-a-half years after its capture by Allied troops of the Eighth Army the Benedictine monastery of Cassino, scene of the bitterest fighting of the Italian campaign of the Second World War, is emerging from the heap of rubble to which it was reduced, and this may also be said of the town of Cassino itself, for many handsome buildings now stand astride Highway Six, the strategic route to Rome, sixty miles to the north. The monastery, that great Christian monument, the Mother Abbey of the Benedictine Order, is indeed a most satisfying sight both for Roman Catholics and admirers of ecclesiastical architecture. Impressive in the south wing is the newly-built refectory, which has been used as a museum during the past year, and the new Benedictine house is also remarkable. The use of travertine and other local stone is much to be commended, and visitors who know the old Abbey have commented favourably on the faithful reconstruction.

The monastery was founded by St. Benedict in 529 on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, to which Dante alludes, and its magnificent situation alone entitles it to a visit. In 1866 the Italians declared it to be a national monument. At a very early period the library of Cassino was celebrated for the MSS. executed by the monks, and to the Abbot Desiderieus we are probably indebted for the preservation of the works of Varro and other authors.

It was in 1943 that General Alexander's march on Rome was held up by the determined German resistance at Cassino. Not even the 1,000-bomber attack delivered on March 15, 1944, during which 2,500 tons of bombs were dropped in four hours, could dislodge the enemy, and it was not until May 1944 that Alexander was able to announce that Monte Cassino had been captured. In all, the monastery and the town took the weight of 25,000 tons of bombs during the long and bitter siege.

"ABOVE BARGATE," THE ONE-STOREY SHOPPING CENTRE: Less than ten years ago, the Southampton people, after a night of concentrated terror, crept out of their shelters to find "Above Bargate," their principal shopping street, an unrecognisable shambles of rubble and smoking ruins. To-day, after endurance and endeavour, "Above Bargate" is once again a busy and thriving shopping centre, though for the most part a one-storied street, for the full-scale rebuilding of the shopping centre is a thing of the future. Only three major shops have in fact been completed since the war.

SOUTHAMPTON: CINDERELLA OF THE BLITZ

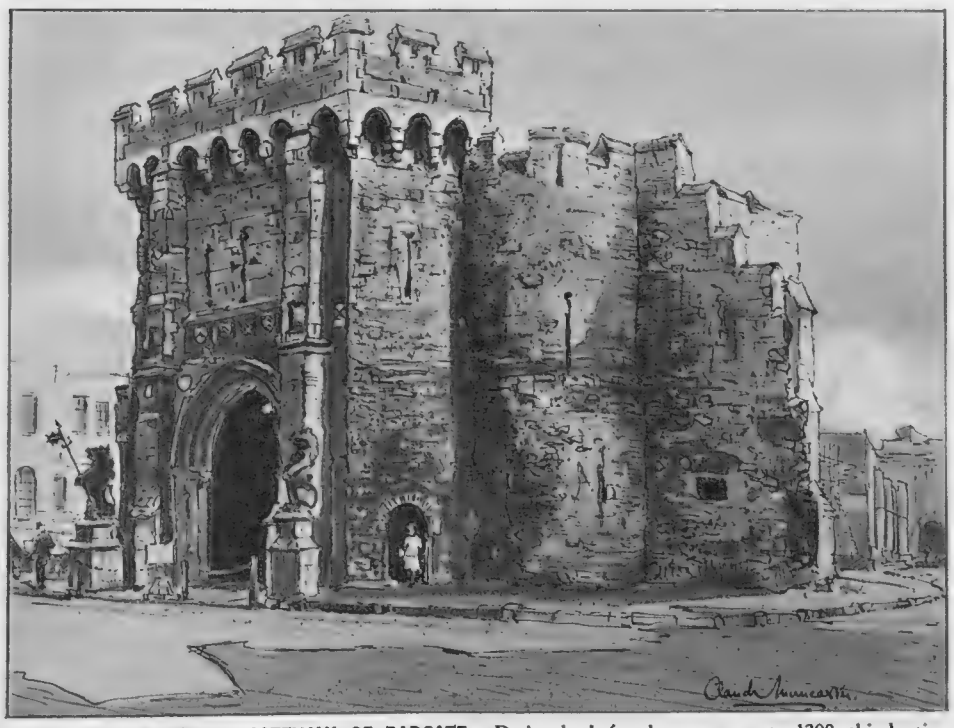
Despite Considerable Housing Developments, Britain's Gateway Town Has Lagged Behind Other Blitzed Towns in its Progress Since the War, When the Devastation by the Luftwaffe was on Such a Formidable Scale

By GORDON BECKLES

WITH DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S., AND LESLIE HAYWOOD

There is no gainsaying that Southampton has lagged sadly behind other bombed towns in Britain in the repair of damage in its main shopping centre, and in this respect alone there is justification in calling her the Cinderella of bombed towns. Those responsible for reconstructing Southampton, however, have held to the view that the most urgent task is the provision of new houses, and in this they have had marked successes, even increasing the rate of housebuilding in recent months. At the end of August the total number of permanent houses built by the Council since the war stood at 3,071, in addition to 1,746 temporary bungalows, and there is no doubt that in due time the house-building labour force, provided it is kept together, may play its part in badly-needed shop-building.

In the following article Gordon Beckles, who, with Claude Muncaster, our special artist, has visited Southampton on behalf of THE SPHERE, *surveys conditions in Southampton to-day, showing this community of many contrasts now "in search of a new self." Between 1940 and 1944 Southampton endured no fewer than fifty-seven air raids, and in that time she lost 4,274 domestic buildings and 701 others. On that record alone she deserves special consideration in this era of reconstruction, but more than all that her reconstruction is surely a matter of national prestige, for is she not the southern gateway of Britain, the port of entry of tens of thousands of Americans and of people of many other nationalities who come to these shores in such numbers in the summer months, and who at Southampton have their first glimpse of England?*



THE GREAT NORTHERN GATEWAY OF BARGATE: Dating back for the most part to 1300, this bastion of ancient times withstood the onslaught of the blitz, although most of the surrounding buildings were laid flat. The only troops of a foreign Power who have ever marched through the gate are the Americans, which is altogether fitting considering the strong link between the American forces and the port of Southampton, round which so many of them were grouped before D-Day.

SOUTHAMPTON has a main street that might have been Lease-Lent from some prairie township, so flat and accidental does it appear, so cluttered with one-storey shops and dummy façades.

Yet not America but Germany is to blame for this temporary look—the old High Street was bombed almost flat in 1940 and Southampton has been directed to be busy in too many other directions since then to think of new shops for its citizens.

A feeling of transatlantic bustle pervades the whole city. The very air is full of the chatter of riveting and shunting, and alive with the sound of traffic and ships' sirens.

It is a place of so many contrasts that you cannot be in Southampton long without beginning to see it as a community in search of a new self—in search, in fact, of the status of a real "city," which officially it is not yet, although this year its College has become a University.

Contrasts? If that main street has the air of the shopping centre of a small county town, then what

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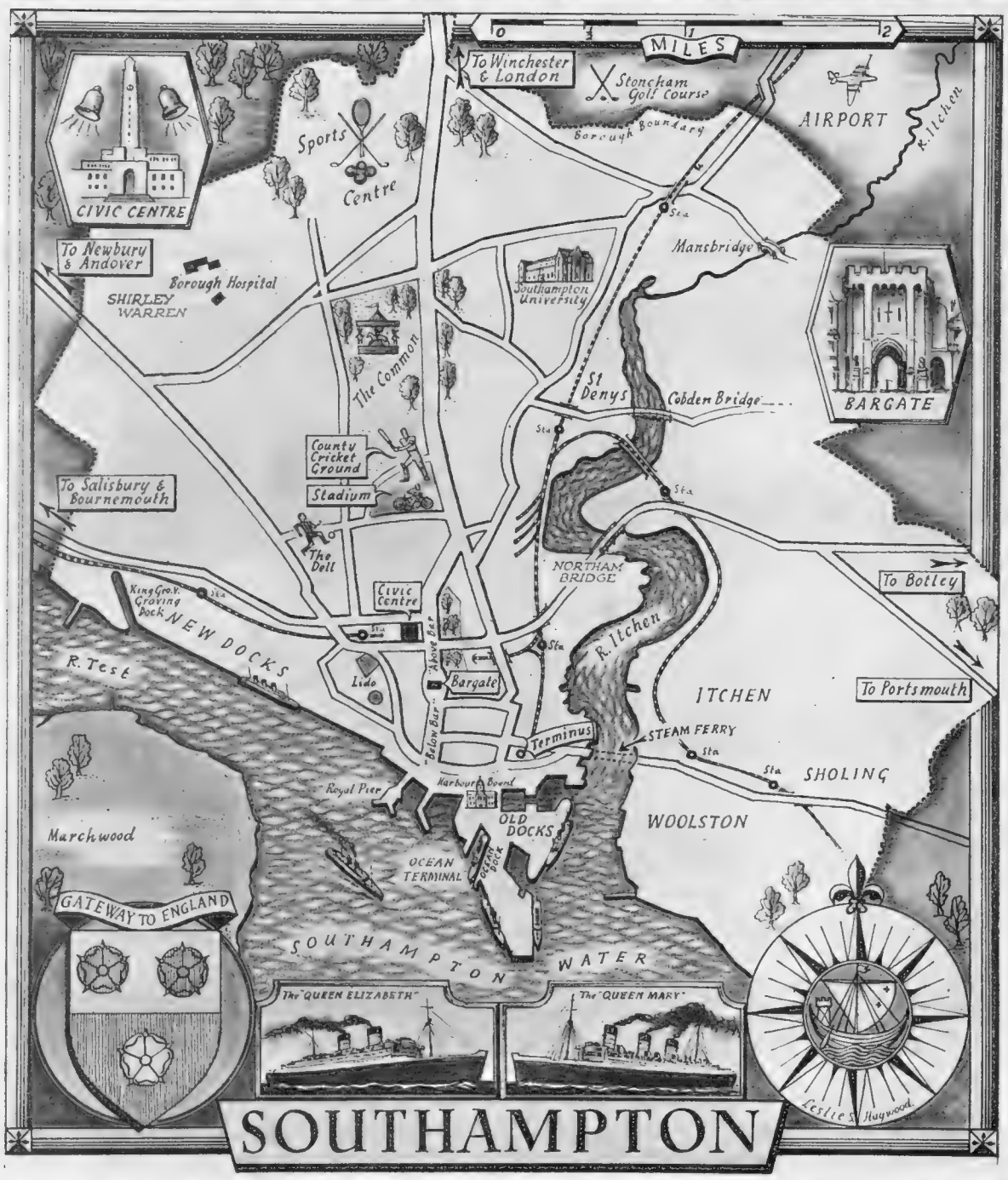

THE PORT OF SOUTHAMPTON, THE GATEWAY TO ENGLAND: In this sketch-map Leslie S. Haywood shows the situation of the great seaport town at the junction of the Test and Itchen, with the area of the Old Docks and the Ocean Terminal clearly defined. Southampton has been a port from the earliest times, and to-day holds the proud position of being Britain's premier passenger port, also an important cargo port.

SOUTHAMPTON—THE GATEWAY OF BRITAIN: A busy scen in dockland showing in the foreground the Que *Mary* with steam up and ready to set out on anoth Atlantic crossing. Passenger traffic and troopin activities are the main features of the port, but considerable amount of cargo is handled as wel To handle this traffic the land transport requir ments are very considerable, and a network of rai way lines through the docks and marshalling yard covers about seventy miles, almost the distance fro Southampton to London. Although Southampton h been a port from the earliest times, the buildi of the modern system of docks was not begun unt 1838, the Outer Dock being opened in 1842. In 19 the total number of passengers moving in and o of Southampton was 523,000. The gross tonnage shipping using the port was just under 16,000,00

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of the wonderful terminal near the harbour and of it, th railway station of any traveller's dreams, the most moder affair of its kind possessed by any port of the Seve Seas? If some of the shipping offices in Canute Roa look as if they hadn't had a lick of paint since the day of quill pens, what of those floating palaces a few hundre yards away on the other side of the dock walls? If som of Southampton's outlying districts have a dead-o alive suburban look, what of the Civic Sports Centre which turns out to be one of the most beautiful country clubs in Britain—at the disposal of every citizen?

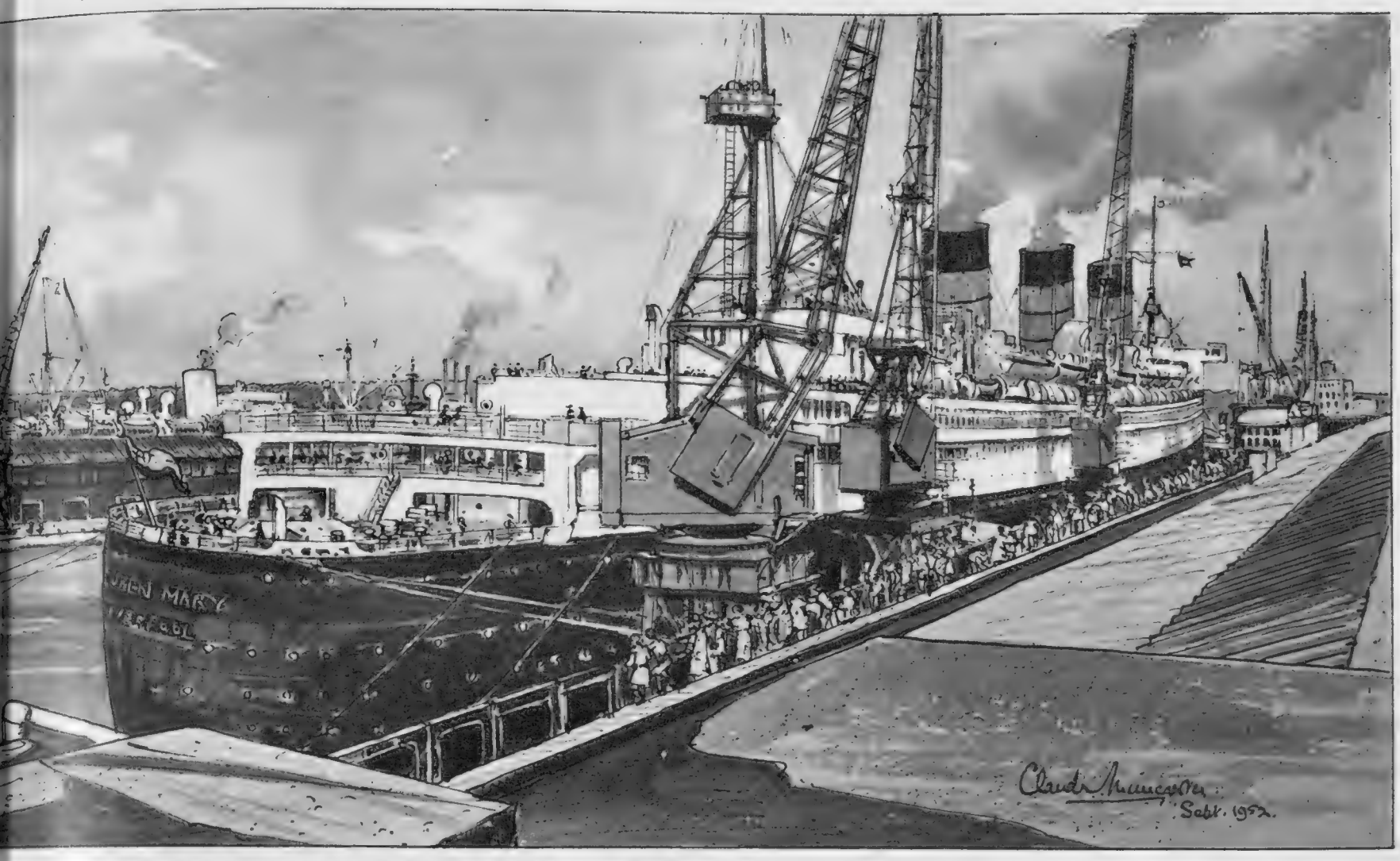
And over on the western side of Southampton Wat there is a patch of skyline that looks like Abadan, on th Persian Gulf, while the foyer of the biggest hotel ofte seems to belong to almost any place in the world excep England. Not the least of the peculiar charms o Southampton is that it is constantly reminding you o somewhere else!

The modern story of Southampton might be said t begin after the first war. It was then that the Cunar Line brought their big ships south from Liverpool. Such a decision had a *cachet* value difficult to define, bu it helped to put Southampton more prominently o the map. Shortly afterwards the question of harbou accommodation arose.

The port had already one great advantage over riva more firmly established in the world of big ships. It had a double tide, with high water for two hours twic during the twenty-four, and also a small tidal range- about 13 ft. at spring tides. So there are no docks in Southampton as London and Liverpool know them Ships come up with the tide, go alongside straight away and start unloading their passengers or cargoes.

But where would there be found accommodation for more big quays? The Old Docks covered 200 acre and some were a century old. Then came the decisio to reclaim over 400 acres of mud flats facing the Rive Test, build quays 1½ miles long, provide a dry-dock fo the biggest ships imaginable and create a new factory area near by.

The whole conception, fostered by the late Sir Herbert Walker of the Southern Railway, became on of the biggest enterprises of the '20's and '30's I happened to be much in Southampton at that time but it was not easy at first to sleep at nights for the wa and groaning of the dredgers. Year after year the wor went on, but by the day that the great *Queen Mar*



SOUTHAMPTON: CINDERELLA OF THE BLITZ

SOUTHAMPTON'S MODERN CIVIC CENTRE—A MONUMENT TO THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT OF THE SEAPORT TOWN: The Municipal Offices block was opened in 1934 by the late King George VI, then Duke of York. The Law Courts building is dominated by a tower 182 ft. high, which provides a landmark seen for miles around and from ships as they enter Southampton Water. The Guildhall and the public library, with its several sections, also form part of the municipal group of buildings.

sailed southbound from the Clyde, the work was finished and the King George V dry-dock (set at the end of the New Docks) was ready to receive her.

Now come round the docks to-day.

It seemed at one time in the early days of the war, and the bombing, as if Southampton was finished, just as before the war it was prophesied that the coming of transatlantic air travel would witness a decline. To-day it is still the world's greatest ocean passenger port, the home of the two "Queens," the Union Castle and Royal Mail lines, and with enough accommodation to be able to permit alongside at the same time a dozen great liners —the new *United States*, the *Liberté*, the *Ile de France*, *Mauretania*, *Caronia* and *Nieuw Amsterdam* among them.

It was also said at the end of the war—in which the bulk of the D-Day fleet was handled and the "Pluto" oil pipe across the Channel served—that trooping would be finished as the Empire shrank. Never in time of peace has there been so much trooping. The white troopers, with their blue fore-and-aft band, are a familiar part of the water-front scene, half-a-dozen of them, including the "model" trooper the *Empire Orwell*, which was converted from a German ship in the shipyards adjacent to the docks.

But the pride of Southampton's dockland is the new Ocean Terminal, through which pass over 80 per cent. of the passengers to and from North America, and the bulk of the 580,000 handled last year. This is more than in 1950 and expected to be exceeded in 1953.

The Ocean Terminal fills any British traveller with envy. Why have we no railway stations so smart and efficient, so luxurious and pleasant to wander about in? Deep and upholstered chairs in the waiting rooms, shops and refreshment buffets which seem always open when I am there, and a way of handling passengers that makes any cross-Channel traveller sigh. The train from Waterloo comes in under cover, the passenger alights and ascends to the first floor either by escalators or lifts, and makes his way into the ship (whose exterior he has not yet seen, incidentally) through telescopic gangways.

As if a challenge to air travel, at the end of the quarter-mile-long building there is a tower seemingly in imitation of the control tower at an airport. (It only houses Customs offices, but it looks very fine.)

(*Continued on following page*)

THE DOLPHIN HOTEL, SOUTHAMPTON, REVEALED BY THE BLITZ IN AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW ACROSS THE FORMER BUILT-UP AREA TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HIGH STREET: The foreground is not a pretty sight, and the gaunt remains of St. Michael's and the untidy bomb-scarred buildings on the right are stark reminders that this was once a busy hub of the seaport town with a large restaurant and department store. It has not altogether been Southampton's fault that reconstruction has not been so rapid as in other cities, and the chairman of its Town Planning and Development Committee has made it known that the town has received scant consideration from the Government at Westminster. During the fifty-seven wartime raids on Southampton, 3,589 properties were destroyed or subsequently demolished owing to the serious damage sustained, 8,927 properties were seriously damaged but deemed repairable, and 32,019 properties were slightly damaged.

SOUTHAMPTON: CINDERELLA OF THE BLITZ

(*Continued from previous page*)

The area behind the quayside of the New Docks, barely a mile away, has a distinctly transatlantic look. This is largely due to the great silo belonging to the Ranks, rebuilt and enlarged since the war and in operation just two years. The prospect here might be any one of a hundred North American grain centres, except that this is at the receiving end, the grain being sucked-up from the holds of the ships. There is accommodation for 22,000 tons in these big mills.

Southampton likes to point to a map of Britain and show that it is the natural outlet for the better part of the Midlands; but of its own new factories there are as yet only a handful—and plenty of space to let in the reclaimed area: General Motors, Fry's and Cadbury's, Heinz's and a big timber depot.

THE "ATHLONE CASTLE," OF THE UNION CASTLE MAIL FLEET, IN THE KING GEORGE V DRY-DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON: It is only when one creeps near the edge of the coping and looks down giddily into the depths of this great hollow that one begins to realise the vastness of this dock, the largest in the world, which could accommodate a liner of 100,000 tons.

Now move south-westwards, past the Hythe shore, and see another of the reasons why Southampton has not been allowed by the Government time (or labour) to repair properly its heavy bomb-damaged districts.

Here at Fawley has arisen since 1949 Southampton's "Abadan," the £37,000,000 Esso refinery and oil storage centre, by far the biggest affair of its kind in Europe. When it is finished this refinery will supply about one-third of Britain's total demand, and it is estimated that it should save some £700,000 a week in foreign currency—which is the cost of importing the same amount of already refined petroleum products.

There is a "Shape of things to come" air about Fawley, full of mysteries and strange machinery, thermal cracking plants and debutaniser towers.

The layman is apt to find conversation faltering when the talk is on "polymerisation" and "hydro-desulphurisation," which are two of the processes involved, but he can at least admire the strange beauty of these minarets and domes of the machine age, glistening in the sunlight. Perhaps the plant is not exactly an addition to the rural amenities of this strip of Hampshire coast, but of that the Company is aware, and promises in time that screening trees will surround the installations.

Fawley contributes its own share to the overseas look of some of Southampton's streets. There have been 5,000 men working on the project until recently (many Americans), while the permanent staff will be 2,500. Then there are the crews of the great ocean tankers which come alongside the new half-mile-long jetty.

Oddly enough, Southampton has never been really a "seaman's" town. Crews have their homes here and are usually models of respectability ashore. The more prosperous ones—stewards on the "Queens," for example—are apt to be met by their cars when a ship docks.

Now come back to the town proper and see the symbol of the great surge of civic consciousness that came over this singularly sprawling community mid-way between the wars.

Southampton was, in fact, getting out of hand and determined not to share the fate of so many of Britain's cities which outgrew their civic garments until they became shabby and ungainly.

The symbol is the splendid Civic Centre, set on a plateau dominating the town, a palace of Portland stone with a tower like a cenotaph—at least, from its top comes, four times a day at the chiming of the hour, the first bars of Southampton's musical dedication: "O God our help in ages past, our Hope for years to come." The hymn was written by Isaac Watts, a local man.

The Civic Centre was an admirable guiding target for German bombers (as it is a landmark for ships miles

(*Concluded on page 106*)

GOD'S HOUSE TOWER AND GOD'S HOUSE GATE: This tower is situated at the south-east corner of the old walls of Southampton. It is an attractive piece of architecture, and is something of a contrast to the dockland buildings which it faces on the opposite side of the road. The building with the galleon weathervane contains the offices of the Harbour Board. God's House Gate is named after the near-by hospital of God's House, founded in 1185 by Gervaise le Riche as an asylum for the poor.

REPAIRS TO THE BOWS OF THE GREEK TANKER "PETROS" IN ONE OF SOUTHAMPTON'S SEVEN DRY-DOCKS: Harland and Wolff can carry out major repairs in this dock. The dry-docks at Southampton range in length from 281 ft. to 1,200 ft., providing accommodation for all types of ships. Ship repairs at Southampton are carried out principally by the well-known firms of Harland and Wolff and John I. Thornycroft. Two notable post-war refits at the docks have been the conversion of the ex-German liner *Pretoria* into the model troopship *Empire Orwell*, and the complete rebuilding of the *Monarch of Bermuda*, now the emigrant liner *New Australia*.

SOUTHAMPTON

(*Concluded from page 104*)

away) and is only now regaining its full purpose as housing all the various departments of a town hall, a police court and council chamber.

A stranger to Southampton, seeing the majestic Civic Centre, might be forgiven for imagining it to govern a city of at least 1,000,000; but Southampton has a population under 200,000, and you become aware of this when travelling up the Winchester road for a mile.

For Southampton swiftly evaporates into an area highly reminiscent of Putney Heath, a fine undulating country with prosperous homes.

Here one comes on Britain's newest university. It has some thousand students, about a third of which are housed in a style which would be the envy of the average undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge. The emphasis is on the technical sides: engineering and the sciences, education and, of course, navigation. The university is barely a century old and its buildings are a pleasant blend of the nineteenth-century conventional and the twentieth-century functional.

About a mile away you are directed down a narrow country lane to what is called the "Sports Centre." The Sports Centre is a revelation. It turns out to be a wooded valley of some 300 acres which remind you instantly that you are now on the edge of the New Forest. Southampton claims it as the finest thing of its kind in the Commonwealth. One feels quite sure that Southampton is right.

Southampton is a community on the way up—no one can doubt it.

The great thing about Southampton to my mind is that local people are apt to tell you less about what they have now than what they haven't, but mean to have as soon as they can.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON, A SOMEWHAT SEVERE BUILDING, BUT AGREEABLE BY REASON OF ITS MELLOW RED BRICK: The College has excellent residential facilities and a large number of students live in one or another of its Halls. There are special facilities for aeronautics and a school of navigation is also associated with the College.

Below—

THE SPORTS CENTRE: This is a much-admired feature of Southampton and has been described as the finest of its kind in the Commonwealth. Covering an area of 268 acres, it lies in the attractive wooded valley of Lordswood. The Sports Centre comprises two golf courses, nine football pitches, three hockey pitches, four cricket pitches, twelve tennis courts, two bowling greens and other amenities. It was completed by the Southampton Corporation in 1938.

THE "QUEEN MARY," WITH TUGS IN CHARGE, SETS OUT ON A NEW VOYAGE ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN: The liner seen in Southampton Water before leaving for the open sea. "It is an unforgettable experience to see one of the Queens' depart," says Claude Muncaster. "It is perfectly true to say that if you happen to know the departure time for any of these big ships you can set your watch by the ship's siren. On this occasion the *Queen Mary* was due to sail at noon. Exactly at noon her deep-throated siren echoed over the docks and was answered by the tugs ahead and astern. At half a minute past it was possible to see her vast hull gently moving down the quay, all 81,000 tons of her—a truly majestic sight."

Below—

THE SOUTHAMPTON WATERFRONT FROM CRACKNORE HARD: This viewpoint is from the end of the jetty of Husband's Ltd., whose main business is maintaining and repairing Esso's tankers. It embraces most of the salient features of the docks. On the extreme left are Rank's Flour Mills, with the tower of the Civic Centre seen behind. Towards the right are the Southampton Harbour Board offices.

STREET SCENE IN NEW COLOGNE : The rubble has disappeared and fine new blocks of buildings are rising where in May 1942 bombs from a thousand R.A.F. aircraft rained down.

REBUILDING THE HOHENZOLLERN BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE, IN THE SHADOW OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL : Three bridges across the river at Cologne, along with 85 per cent. of the city, were destroyed by Allied bombing and shell-fire during the war. The Cathedral itself was badly damaged, though the twin towers escaped destruction. Altogether 40,000 tons of bombs fell on this renowned and historic industrial centre. Now the grim debris has been cleared away and a new city is taking shape. On March 16, 1945, General Hodge's U.S. First Army entered the city to find only 150,000 civilians, who had managed to survive below ground ; but with the rebuilding of Cologne thousands have been flooding back and the population is again nearing the 750,000 mark of 1935. There is a great sense of urgency in the work now going on : new shops, offices and blocks of modern flats are rapidly nearing completion.

THE REBIRTH OF A CITY

Devastated by Allied Bombing and Shell-fire, Cologne, Centre of the Rhineland, Rises Again

ONE OF THE MANY NEW STORES WHICH HAVE BEEN COMPLETED IN COLOGNE : Before its destruction during the Second World War Cologne ranked third among the great cities of Germany. Now there is a stern determination to rebuild the city better than before.

NEW SHOPS, OFFICES AND FLATS SPRING UP THROUGHOUT THE DESOLATED CITY : There is nothing here to indicate that seven years ago Cologne was virtually wiped out. Only the outer residential areas escaped heavy damage ; the industrial and railway centres were blasted out of existence. But in spite of the vigorous rebuilding programme, housing remains an acute problem. Tumbledown shacks and cellars accommodating whole families still exist only a short walk from the shopping centres.

MODERN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS GRACE THE COBBLED STREETS : The builders of the new Cologne work both day and night shifts. Food is quite plentiful and many thousands of citizens who fled during the bombing are now returning to their former occupations.

OCTOBER DAYS IN BRITAIN

PICTURES OF TOPICAL INTEREST FROM MANY PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE NEW DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION: Lieut.-General Sir Ian Jacob, lately Director of External Broadcasting, is to take over the duties of Director-General at Broadcasting House, London, on December 1. One of Sir Ian's first major tasks will be to organise the televising and sound broadcasting of the Coronation. The new Director-General, who succeeds Sir William Haley, now editor of *The Times*, is the son of the late Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob. In 1938, after service with the Royal Engineers, he was appointed Military Assistant Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence, later serving as Military Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet between 1939-46. As a member of Mr. Churchill's wartime staff, he was with the delegations that went with the Prime Minister to Casablanca, Teheran and Quebec. Sir Ian's association with broadcasting began in 1946 when he was appointed Controller of the B.B.C.'s European Service. In the following year he was made Director of the Overseas Services and remained with the B.B.C. until April of this year, when he was temporarily released from the Corporation in order to become Chief Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence and Deputy Secretary (Military) of the Cabinet.

THE NEW BRIDGE WHICH IS BEING BUILT ACROSS THE RIVER NEATH, NEAR SWANSEA, AS PART OF A £1,000,000 TRUNK ROAD SCHEME IN SOUTH WALES: The new road and bridge will shorten the journey between Cardiff and Swansea by six miles and will improve communications between the big docks at Swansea and the £60,000,000 steel plant at Margam, on the east side of Swansea Bay. The bridge will be 90 ft. above high water, and will allow the free passage of coastal shipping.

CONNOISSEURS OF FINE WINE GATHER IN A LONDON CELLAR FOR THE ANNUAL TASTING BY J. L. P. LEBÈGUE, THE FRENCH WINE SHIPPERS: For three days last week Mr. Guy Prince opened his cellars for the annual tasting, which is now very much an institution in London life, and his guests were given an opportunity of tasting the vintage clarets of 1950, which have turned out very much better than anticipated, the 1947 and 1949 vintage clarets in bottle, also red and white Burgundies of the Hospices de Beaune. At one stand a unique opportunity was presented to taste no fewer than fourteen vintages of one world-famous claret, the Chateau Margaux, which ranks among the four First Classified Growths of Bordeaux. The best vintages of the first half of the twentieth century were represented in this magnificent selection, covering the years 1904 to 1949.

DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M., AT A DINNER GIVEN BY THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS TO CELEBRATE HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY AND THE SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOCIETY: Seated beside the composer is Sir John Barbirolli, who was among the 300 musicians at the dinner. Dr. Herbert Howells, president of the Society, described Dr. Vaughan Williams as "the head and front of the whole musical structure of Great Britain," and added, jocularly, "More than any other composer he will travel the length of the country to hear a first performance of a new composition and, having got to it, more than any composer he is inclined to sleep through it. He has slept in every concert room in the realm."

THE RISE OF THE NEW COVENTRY: The new Garden Square, with its lawns, flower-beds, and the statue of Lady Godiva, which forms a memorial to citizens who lost their lives during air raids on the city, flanked on the left by Broadgate House, in the centre by the site of the Precinct, and, on the right, by the foundations of a new big store. The Garden Square, which has been laid out on the site of some of the worst devastation, lies to the west of the old Cathedral. The Precinct, which is designed as a traffic-free pedestrian way, sweeping up to the Garden Square, will have groups of buildings including terraced shops at first-floor level. There may possibly be a steel bridge across the Precinct, with the blocks of buildings arranged according to their height so that the tallest are closest together. If this idea of the architects is carried out, the vista along the length of the pedestrian way will then be focussed directly on the Cathedral spire.

REDROOFS, THE MAIDENHEAD COUNTRY HOME OF THE LATE IVOR NOVELLO, BECOMES A CONVALESCENT HOME FOR ACTORS: *On left*—Mr. Walter G. Gray, secretary of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, pointing out some of the beauties of the grounds at Redroofs to Mr. Reginald Hayes and Mr. Sam Lyson, the first two guests of the home. With them are Miss E. Angier, a former sister at Guy's Hospital who is now superintendent of the home, and (extreme right) Mr. B. Bolder. *On right*—Mr. Lysons (right) and Mr. Hayes in the music-room of Redroofs, with the piano used by Ivor Novello when composing many of his famous melodies. Redroofs was bought by the Actors' Benevolent Fund for £16,000. Mr. Hayes and Mr. Lysons, both veterans of the stage, are typical of the theatre folk of all ages who will benefit from this memorial to a great theatrical personality.

THE NEW MOTOR LIFEBOAT AT GOURDON, KINCARDINESHIRE, SCOTLAND: This picture was taken shortly after the ceremony when Viscountess Arbuthnott, president of the Gourdon, Inverbervie and District Ladies' Lifeboat Guild had named the boat *Edith Clauson-Thue*. The boat was provided by legacies from Miss Edith Clauson-Thue, Bournemouth, Miss Victoria Anderson, Edinburgh, and Sir Robert Lockhart of Kirkcaldy.

AS THE TRAM-LINES ARE TAKEN UP, DOG KENNEL HILL, IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON, RECEIVES A "NEW LOOK": Dog Kennel Hill is probably one of the best-known thoroughfares in South London and one of the widest. It was the only road to have four sets of tram-lines. As in many other places in London, the tram-lines are being taken up. Advantage is being taken of this, and the street is being replanned to form a dual carriageway separated by a grass verge in the centre.

A CENTURY OF DEMOCRATIC MONARCHY

From the Days of the Prince Consort, the Creator of Our Present Tradition, Who Converted What He Knew and Learned to English Usage

By JOHN GORE

IT is almost exactly 100 years since the Prince Consort who created the modern English tradition of democratic monarchy received, late in the day, but wholeheartedly and nationally, an acknowledgment of his worth and merits. A year after the Great Exhibition of 1851 his virtues and selfless devotion to duty, long appreciated by a few close to him, began to win nation-wide acceptance.

There is no doubt that he was the creator of our present tradition of monarchy, though he learned much from Stockmar and Leopold. What he learned, he converted to English usage and his foundations have borne the test of time and the modern structure of monarchy. Before he began his work and while he laboured, the voice of republicanism was often clamant, and even those who favoured monarchy often treated the Royal Family with a contempt and opprobrium which, if partly justified by the conduct of individual members of the Royal Family, was yet a symptom of wide-spread republicanism, or at least of violent antipathy to our then ruling House. There is at any rate little contemporary evidence that the insults of the "leftish" Press or the *lèse-majesté* of the wits and gossips, outraged public opinion at that time. Contempt was deep-rooted and was slow to disappear. The young Queen was hailed with relief, but soon enough she became extremely unpopular, now and again. The voice of republicanism was once more raised against her rudely enough after the Prince's recognition and after his death. It is very much less than a century ago that things were written and said of the occupier of the throne and his family which to-day would be judged gross impiety, slander, almost High Treason. The change in the public attitude to the Throne from those days is remarkable.

PRINCE ALBERT, THE CREATOR OF OUR PRESENT TRADITION: The acknowledgment of his worth was slow in coming, but when it came it was overwhelming.

There is nothing "modern" in the tendency of English people (and perhaps others) to flatter and exaggerate the virtues of their kings. Even the shoddiest of them have died with a halo, and many a mediocrity-in-the-purple has been raised to the rank of a Solon in his obituary. But it is very doubtful if any nation has ever accorded to its Royal House so much interest, so much unquestioning adulation, so much veneration, oddly combined sometimes with impertinent familiarity, as we have given to ours in the past half-century. Of late, it seems, we have taken Royalty for our religion. We may ask ourselves whether it is the Institution —the patent—or the individuals operating it that are responsible for this extraordinary circumstance.

As I see it, our British patent of modern democratic monarchy is a combination of two things which other nations, still monarchical, have not achieved—the exceptional ceremonial splendour and efficiency of our Court and Court functions, combined with an exceptional simplicity, integrity, devotion to duty and grace in the Royal Family.

Other Royal Families to-day reveal that simplicity and integrity, but with less ceremonial splendour as a setting for majesty. The Scandinavian Kings perhaps mix even more freely with their peoples, are more often to be seen in the streets of their cities on informal occasions. They are popular enough with their peoples and devote themselves to their duties and responsibilities. Among all the surviving monarchies, which are chiefly in smaller nations, the magnificence is less in evidence and the combination therefore lacking. Affection and respect for their monarchs fall short of a religion.

But the pattern created by the Prince Consort was not the complete patent evolved by his grandson and great-grandson. For more than a decade after his death, as I have said, there existed a strong voice of criticism of the Queen, and it was not until after the Prince of Wales' illness in 1871 that she ceased to be a target for republican slings and severe castigation in the Press. Thereafter she gradually grew into a legend, and by the time of her first Jubilee she was a venerated figure, a goddess in a secret shrine, terrifying to those nearest her, little known to the general. The Diamond Jubilee was the apogee of a symbol of Empire and greatness; the Throne was feminine and appeared to have been so since Time ran. The Sphinx Victoria *was* England.

But it was not either comfortable or even grand within her shrine. Her hard-pressed Ministers found existence at Balmoral and Osborne, where she reigned for half the year, as intolerable as in an "approved" school, and Windsor not much better. It was left to King Edward to develop one half of the patent, the grandeur, and colour and grace, the oiled efficiency of the British Court. He proved a very shrewd, sound and democratic King for his age. He maintained in his Court all that the moral standards of the day required. It was the age of transition from strict Victorianism to modern latitude and revolt against convention, and Victorianism died hard. He paid the necessary deference to the Church and to social standards of conduct, while he developed the splendour of Court pageantry, was profuse with honours and decorations, and continued discreetly to please himself in his chosen way of life. Constitutionally he did his job well. He died in the odour of sanctity, exuberantly exalted as a superman in his obituaries; and it was left to his son, George V, and to the First World War, to create and perfect the other half of the patent.

The British race has often been charged with hypocrisy. It is perhaps rather a proof of illogicality than hypocrisy in our race that no sooner had the revolution of world war loosened many of the public standards of moral conduct and religious observance than the people prepared a new contract between themselves and their Sovereign and Royal Family, of which the basic article binding the Sovereign was the maintenance of a much higher standard in religious observance, in morality, in pellucid integrity, than they deemed necessary for themselves. The Royal Family must live henceforth in a glasshouse, no locked cupboards could be sanctioned, no slightest deviation from what had been the Victorian code of family life could be tolerated. The Sovereign and his family must be like Cæsar's wife in private life, and "the trusty servant" in public life. No recreational bent must be carried too far. Attendance at church on Sundays and other appropriate days must be regular and advertised. No organised body of religious or moral fanatics must be given a handle for criticism. The Sovereign and his family must be, and practise, the ideal which every English family kept as an ideal at the back of its mind, but was too lazy or lax to take out and imitate. In return, the people on their part undertook to venerate, adulate and take continuous pride in its Royal House, irrespective of such affection and respect as might be engendered by the character and charms of the men and women of that Royal House. Naturally, the terms of a solemn contract are not always exactly observed, and sometimes, as time went on, the continuous veneration and pride have been adulterated with impertinent curiosity and far too irreverent interest in purely personal matters of the Royal Family's private life. It was never widespread. The impertinence came from a section only of the Press aiming at circulation under the cloak of democracy. Most of us, I hope, remember the "Phil and Lizzy" phase with a certain disgust.

It turned out that the "solemn contract" was unnecessary. It has been our good fortune to produce a succession of quite admirable sovereigns. Our kings, queens, princes and princesses have revealed personal qualities of a high order, very little derived from their exalted positions. They would have shone in any society. Their charm, their sense of duty and service, their sympathy and humanity, courage and gaiety, won for them "off their own bats" the deep affection and respect and gratitude of their peoples.

George VI and his Queen and daughters carried on and improved on his father's and mother's great creation—the completed patent. Perhaps a common-sense reminder may be justified. Royal blood is not a special ichor. There is no Divine Right of kings and princes to be supermen or especially gracious and charming. (Royal blood indeed flows, from John of Gaunt and back beyond him, in the veins of ten thousand of the King's subjects.) No doubt the splendour of their setting, the efficiency and deference of the services rendered them, combined with the sense of responsibility and high mission and the constant opportunities to exercise them nobly, perfect the technique of Royal manners and behaviour. But there is no assurance of virtue in being born in the purple or educated from infancy for a throne. In our history we note how large a proportion of our sovereigns and Royal Families have been failures, mad, bad, indifferent or dangerous. Several of our best sovereigns were never in youth educated for kingship, and our most gracious queens have either not been members of a reigning house or, indeed, of a Royal Family.

Queen Victoria certainly died a legend, a portent, a great Queen. But, coolly considering, what oldish man among us to-day could not recall and name a grandmother or great aunt of his own who with practice could have done her job as well or better, with all her dignity, shrewd statesmanship and experience, her devotion, and perhaps with less selfishness, egotism and moaning?

The awful job requires indeed the highest qualities, among which calm, patience, serenity of mind, grace, duty, sympathy, dignity and charm rank high, but none of these qualities are the prerogatives of Royal blood. Where they are revealed, they win respect and devotion, and that devotion may be turned into a religion by the glamour of the splendid setting and by the realisation of the unique nature of the power and privileges attendant.

At the same time, the Royal Family to-day practises a double loyalty—to democracy by their personal service to the nation and, through the ceremonial officials, to maintaining the splendid and ancient traditions of the monarchy. Some of these traditional matters seem remote enough from the lives of the people to-day in times of austerity. Questions of precedence, ceremonial precedents, the maintenance of the ancient Order of Garter Knights, are museum-pieces to a nation which is no longer accustomed to graceful living in a small buffer-State of aristocratic society. "Precedence" is of small concern when supper in day-clothes has taken the place of formal dinners, and Garter Knights belong to ancient history. There is in this double loyalty—if its object is not appreciated—a danger of misunderstanding.

Taking all these points into consideration, it seems to me that to-day, under a half-understood and half-baked new democracy, the post of Press Secretary to the Sovereign is one of supreme importance. In recent years Royal publicity has got out of hand. Mystery was for centuries the first protection of the Throne. It kept it remote (with a buffer State of nobility) from the common man. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* But lapses and leakages were then very dangerous. To-day there is nothing to hide and the Royal Family lives its life in a glasshouse. In my view, a little too much so. I deplore the harm done by biographers of Royal children, by the publicity of foolish flatterers, the treacheries of minor courtiers, the boring, intolerable columnists of Royal doings and private affairs. Much of it is done in the name of democracy, some of it is well meaning, most of it patently commercial. The Royal Family is ever anxious to satisfy genuine public curiosity, and often, in giving an inch, is robbed of an ell.

For our new democracy is still in its infancy, and it and the monarchy has yet much to learn in the way of living together. Having regard to next year's Coronation and the fanaticism we may anticipate in our "new religion," some of these observations may not be untimely. I believe we have still to find a middle way, where devotion and loyalty to the Throne and love and respect for the Royal Family can be accorded without exaggerated adulation or vulgar curiosity, thus preserving dignity and a sense of proportion on both sides.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER SON, THE SECOND DUKE OF KENT, WITH THE GOVERNOR OF SINGAPORE: They were attending the ball given by the Governor, his Excellency Mr. J. F. Nicoll, one of the main social events of their Malayan tour. During their stay in Singapore the Duchess and her son undertook a round of official visits.

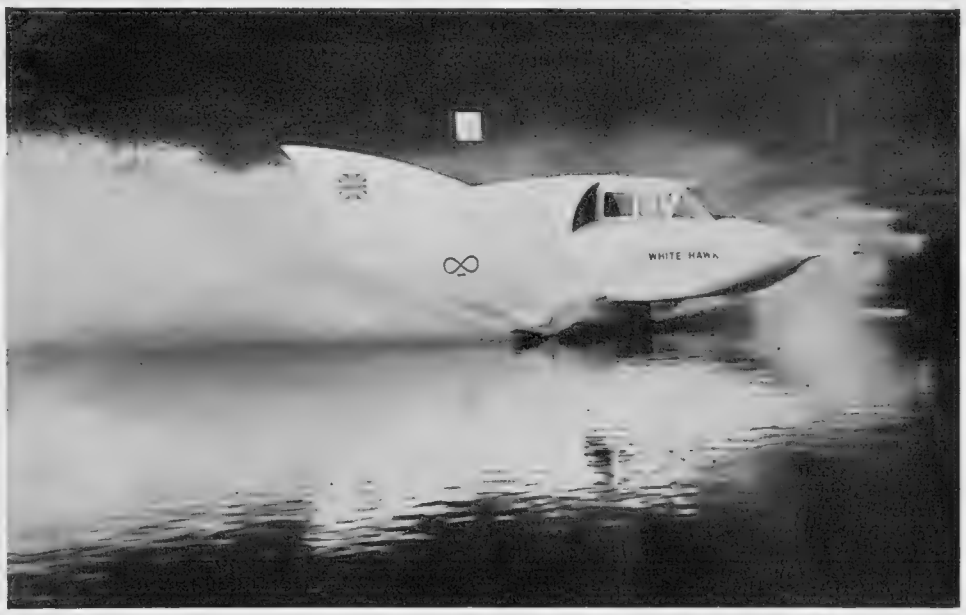
AGROUND, AFIRE and AFLOAT

Four Items of News from Lake, Waterways and Sea

On left—

A 15,000-TON LINER AGROUND IN THE THAMES AT GREENHITHE: The *Corinthic* stuck fast in the mud off Stone Ness Lighthouse at the junction of St. Clements Reach and Long Reach, a few miles above Gravesend and the Estuary. In the background is the port of Greenhithe, headquarters of the firm of John Everard, and to the left is the training-ship *Worcester*. There were no passengers on board the *Corinthic* at the time, and the vessel was making her way up-river to the King George V. Dock. The *Corinthic* was floated off at the next high tide. At this point the Thames is about half a mile wide. The river takes a very steep bend, and vessels negotiating it keep right out in the centre of the tideway. The larger ships have an escort of tugs as they go up and down stream. The tides here can be very rapid, and one false move in such comparatively restricted waters can mean disaster. Stone Ness lies just below the point where the Purfleet Tunnel is being driven below the Thames—a project that is at present held up owing to Government policy on public works.

ROSS THE CHANNEL ON A FLOATING MOTOR-SCOOTER: This is the French motor-cycle champion Georges Monneret, on the motor-scooter fitted with floats with which he crossed the Channel in about six hours. When the motor-scooter had been hauled a few feet up the beach at Dover the rear wheel was detached from the propeller shaft, which had provided the drive for the crossing, and M. Monneret drove off on the motor-scooter to London. He reported that he had had quite a good crossing, "though it was a bit rough in mid-Channel."



THE JET-PROPELLED SPEEDBOAT "WHITE HAWK" FLASHING ACROSS WINDERMERE AT OVER 100 M.P.H. DURING A TEST RUN LAST WEEK: Mrs. Stella Hanning-Lee has been at Windermere with the *White Hawk* for several weeks and in spite of the tragic accident which caused the death of Mr. John Cobb on Loch Ness, decided to go ahead with her attempt on the world's water-speed record. After the test last week it was said that there would be a delay of some days while further modifications were carried out to try to remedy the "porpoising" tendencies of the *White Hawk* while travelling at high speeds. It was understood that the boat had failed to rise on its hydrofoils, which lift the hull above the surface at speed, and that these would have to be adjusted to a different angle

On left—

ONE OF BRITAIN'S LATEST R.A.F. AIR-SEA RESCUE LAUNCHES TACKLING A FIRE DURING A DEMONSTRATION ON THE SOLENT LAST WEEK: The launch, which is capable of a top speed of nearly 29 knots, was built by the Portsmouth firm of Vosper under contract for the Ministry of Supply and is about to go into service. It is equipped to fight fires, rescue survivors from aircraft which have crashed into the sea and to travel through burning fuel and debris to reach survivors. The new launch is also equipped for salvage work on aircraft. Its two fire-fighting nozzles can direct about 500 gallons of sea-water or about 2,250 gallons of foam a minute on to burning wreckage.

THE DUCHESS IN MALAYA

And Other Occasions at Home and Abroad

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER SON, THE SECOND DUKE OF KENT, CONTINUE THEIR TOUR OF THE FAR EAST: *Left*—Watched by her son, the Duchess of Kent taps a rubber tree on the Bertam Rubber Estate, about 13 miles from the ancient British settlement of Malacca. The Royal visit to the estate was made in company with the planter, Mr. W. G. Ross, who has been in the country for twenty-three years. The Duchess and the Duke also visited the Rosses' bungalow and inspected its defences. *Right*—A Malay, Prince Dato Naning, presents the Duchess of Kent with a kris (dagger) as a symbol of loyalty. The ceremony took place at Malacca, where the Duchess was entertained at a Chinese Malayan luncheon served by the Resident Commissioner, H. G. Hammett (who is also seen in this picture). When Dato Naning presented the kris to the Duchess he warned her not to unsheath it without plunging the blade in the earth because otherwise "it would cry out for blood." A few days later the Royal visitors met about 24,000 schoolchildren when a big gathering was held on the Padang, Singapore, to celebrate Education Week. After visiting the 1st Battalion The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment on the jungle frin[ge] in North Selangor, the Duchess sent a message to the Colonel of the Regiment, saying that "The parade was splendid, and I felt proud to be their Colonel-in-Chief. Please tell their relatives that they are in fine spirits and looking well."

KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS GREETS BRITAIN'S DEFENCE MINISTER AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY OF THE MONS MEMORIAL: Earl Alexander unveiled the memorial to British and Canadian troops who took part in the fighting in the Mons area in the First World War. Also present at the ceremony were Sir Christopher Warner, British Ambassador to Belgium, Major-General Sir Edward Spears and sixty "Old Contemptibles." The monument, planned in 1937 after the Mons Burgomaster, Victor Maistriau, had pointed out to Sir Edward Spears that no memorial commemorated the historic events of Mons, is the work of Sir Edwin Lutyens. The inscription on the memorial has been composed by Mr. Winston Churchill.

On Left—

QUEEN NARRIMAN OF EGYPT REJOINS HER HUSBAND AT CAPRI: She is seen with the ex-King and her mother on her return after a fortnight's stay at a clinic in Switzerland, where she underwent post-natal treatment. Both the Queen and Prince Farouk have strongly denied current rumours that they are to be divorced. From Cairo it was reported that Prince Farouk is to be charged with treason. It is said that he asked Britain to send troops to save his throne when General Neguib launched his coup last July.

COMMEMORATING THE LATE LORD CURZON'S WORK FOR BODIAM CASTLE, NEAR HASTINGS: Mr. Harold Nicolson, wearing a dark coat, is seen addressing the gathering during a ceremony at Bodiam when Lady Curzon unveiled a tablet commemorating Lord Curzon's gift of the castle to the nation and his extensive work of restoration there. Mr. Nicolson, formerly his private secretary, said that Lord Curzon would live in history as the most eminent of Viceroys, as a Foreign Secretary who, by his force and vision, preserved his country and the world from a quite unnecessary war, and as a man who, but for the accident of birth, would have been Prime Minister of Great Britain. "In the thoughts of his countrymen he survives as the last of our great line of proconsuls, as a man who by the power of his intellect, the astonishing range of his scholarship and memory, his rare capacity for extensive and intensive industry, rendered for almost half a century immense services to the Empire and the State."

Combating the Mau Mau Menace in Kenya

British and Native Police go into Action Against the Terrorists Who are at Work in the Colony

THE POLICE AGAINST THE MAU MAU, THE ANTI-EUROPEAN SECRET SOCIETY WHICH IS CAUSING SUCH DISRUPTION IN KENYA COLONY: *Left*—Police interrogating a native when searching a village in the neighbourhood of Nairobi. *Right*—Inspector K. A. Price interrogating a suspect brought into Kiambu Police Station. The Inspector stands beside a native policeman who takes down the evidence on a typewriter. Inspector Price is an ex-fighter pilot and is now serving with the Kenya Police. Of recent days the activities of the Mau Mau have been intensified, as also has been the battle against them waged by the police. On Thursday of last week Lieut.-Colonel R. M. G. Tulloch and his wife, both of them over seventy years of age, were attacked by terrorists, believed to be members of the Mau Mau, and were first beaten and then slashed with knives. At the time of writing both Colonel Tulloch and his wife are in hospital in a critical condition. On October 9 the trial of Mau Mau adherents charged with the slaughter of cattle belonging to Europeans ended with heavy sentences. One of the ringleaders was sent to gaol for nine years.

MAU MAU SUSPECT IS INTERROGATED AT TIGONI POLICE STATION: Handcuffed, he is brought into the station for examination. Tigoni lies seven miles from Kiambu, one of the main centres of disturbance.

NATIVE POLICE STOP AN OX-CART ON THE ROAD AT KIAMBU TO ASK QUESTIONS OF THE WAGGONERS: The Mau Mau round-up has been intensified. All resident magistrates in the troubled areas have been given the powers of High Court judges in dealing with Mau Mau cases brought before them.

AN UNHAPPY TASK FACES SIR EVELYN BARING ON TAKING UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS GOVERNOR OF KENYA: The Governor, who is seen on left with an interpreter beside him, making a speech at the grave of Chief Wuruhîu, who was murdered by the Mau Mau after he had made a public declaration denouncing this African secret society. Sir Evelyn described how the dead chief had spent his life working for a better understanding between the peoples of Kenya, winning the admiration of the European residents.

AFTERMATH OF A POLICE RAID ON A KENYAN VILLAGE: A witness being removed for further questioning. These round-ups are daily occurrences, but still the tide of terrorism continues to rise in the sadly-disturbed colony.

OXBURGH HALL, NORFOLK: This fine example of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century has been in the almost continuous possession of the Bedingfeld family for over 450 years. Now it passes into the hands of the National Trust and next summer the gatehouse and the garden will be open to the public.

OXBURGH
FOR THE NATION

A Late Fifteenth-century House Becomes the Property of the National Trust

Oxburgh Hall, near Swaffham, presented to the National Trust by the Dowager Lady Bedingfeld with the aid of a generous grant from the Pilgrim Trust, was built in the late fifteenth century. The builder, Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, a favourite of Edward IV, was granted a licence to crenellate in 1482, and the house has come down in direct male descent in the Bedingfeld family for over 450 years.

Built of mellow red brick and surrounded by a wide moat, the Hall, with its magnificent gate tower, is one of the most romantic houses of its period to have survived. It is built around a quadrangle, one side of which was demolished in 1778. The outstanding and the least-altered feature of the Hall is the gatehouse tower, which the Elder Pugin described as "one of the noblest specimens of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century." This great tower, which is comparable with that at Layer Marney, is flanked by two octagonal turrets and rises sheer from the moat to a height of 80 ft. Access to the tower chambers, with their splendid six- and eight-light windows, is by an unusual newel stair with fine moulded brickwork.

Next summer the gatehouse and the garden will be open to the public on three days a week. Times of opening will be notified later.

The Dowager Lady Bedingfeld will continue to live at Oxburgh. Lord Crawford and Balcarres, in announcing the gift of Oxburgh to the National Trust, said that he hoped the Bedingfeld family would live at Oxburgh for another five centuries.

THE WEST AND SOUTH FRONTS OF OXBURGH HALL: The mellow red brick of the great building is reflected in the waters of the wide moat. The house is built around a quadrangle.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE NORTH FRONT OF OXBURGH HALL: *On the left* is the great gatehouse, with its twin towers, seen along the length of the driveway. *On the right* is a closer view taken across the moat. This gatehouse is the most outstanding and least altered feature of the Hall, and will be open to the public. Flanked by the two octagonal turrets, it rises sheer from the moat to a height of 80 ft.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH MOTIF WHICH WILL ADORN THE JUNCTION OF PARLIAMENT STREET AND PARLIAMENT SQUARE: This is one of the designs in Sir Hugh Casson's £50,000 plan for the decoration of the Coronation procession route which came before Westminster City Council's Coronation Committee last week. This triumphal arch at the end of Parliament Street is intended to heighten the dramatic effect at the moment when the cavalcade is approaching the Abbey. Each thoroughfare in Westminster is to be adorned in accordance with a theme. The junction of Whitehall and Trafalgar Square will have the lands of the Commonwealth as its motif, while Whitehall itself will have for theme "Her Majesty's Government."

CROWNS MAY HANG ABOVE ST. JAMES'S STREET ON CORONATION DAY: This street, which is dominated by the mellow brickwork of St. James's Palace, could be dressed to advantage in the rich, red, purple, black and gold of ceremony. The galaxies of gilt crowns could be suspended between the buildings at the highest level.

CORONATION STREET DESIGNS FOR LONDON

Sir Hugh Casson's Plans for Decorating the Streets of Westminster

THE CURVING LINE OF WHITEHALL WITH DECORATIONS SUGGESTING THE THEME, "HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT": The centrally situated decorations are a new conception by Sir Hugh Casson, who does not wish to see the colourful displays lost against the background of the flanking buildings.

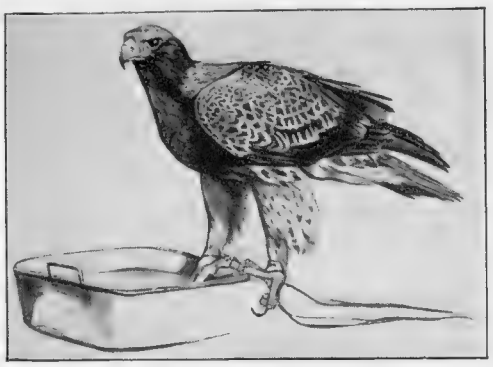
PROTOTYPE LAMP-POSTS PROPOSED FOR THE CORONATION ROUTE: The posts have normal black-painted bases, but above they are gay with colour. These two have been set up on the Westminster Council wharf for examination and comment by the public. ***On left***—An artist's conception of Oxford Street, where industry and trade would provide the Coronation themes.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A. E. W. MASON'S ADVENTUROUS LIFE

Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green's Biography of the Novelist; And Other New Books of Varied Interest

A. E. W. MASON was eighty-three when he died just a few years ago, and it is still difficult to realise that we shall not see that elegant form again, or hear that laugh that E.V. Lucas once said was famous in two hemispheres. He should have written his autobiography as well as his many novels and plays, and yet it is typical of him that he did not. His long life was as adventurous as any of his books, and his success started as long ago as 1896 with *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*. Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green, a friend of his later years, has written the biography of A. E. W. MASON (Parrish. 21s.), and has done his scholarly, affectionate best to give us a good and comprehensive portrait of the writer and the man.



BAKEI—THE BLACK EAGLE: This is a reproduction from *Birds of the Gauntlet* (Hutchinson. 84s.), which has been written and illustrated by H. Von Michaëlis. In a foreword the Marquess of Willingdon, president of the Fauna Preservation Society, introduces the South African artist to the British reading public, commenting that, "In his writing, as in his paintings, Michaëlis has made for himself a place alone, and in a unique way, I think, has entered into every feature of the lives of birds."

Everybody has a rough idea of the character of Bulldog Drummond, and remembers that he was a creation of Sapper's, and a lot of people know, too, that he has a living original, a friend of Sapper's, who continues to write the adventures and, as his autobiography proves, to live them. Mr. Gerard Fairlie, from the days when he set up two records at Downside by failing in all the examinations and playing for the school in all the games and sports, has not had the most humdrum of lives. He has been in a bobsleigh team at the Olympic Games, served in the Scots Guards, as Secret Service man with the Maquis, and has severally attempted the professions of journalist, novelist and Hollywood script-writer. You will learn about much of this in his book, WITH PREJUDICE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.).

THE CHALLENGE (Faber. 21s.) is the second volume of Miss Phyllis Bottome's autobiography, and covers the period from her eighteenth year to her early thirties in great detail. Miss Bottome writes with a purposeful seriousness that must command the reader's respect and should command his interest. I cannot always believe that even the most analytical or retentive of memories can recall so many conversations of more than forty years ago with such precision, but possibly that is justifiable author's licence, and I should neither cavil at that nor at the quite remarkable lack of humour with which Miss Bottome reviews the events, big and small, of a decade and a half of her intellectually busy life.

No matter how many escape stories are written, based on adventures of the last war, they can never grow stale, for each is the record of a man's courage. Mr. Derrick Nabarro was a sergeant-pilot in an R.A.F. bomber shot down over the German coastline when he was captured and interned in 1941. After five months of imprisonment he escaped through Belgium to France, where he was recaptured and interned in a fort in the South of France. He escaped from there the following year and reached England at last, being given the first D.C.M. to be awarded in the R.A.F. WAIT FOR THE DAWN (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Nabarro's own account of his exploits and makes exciting reading.

GRASS BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS (Bell. 12s. 6d.) is both unusual and engaging: the book of a modern frontiersman about his personal discovery of the last great cattle frontier on the North American continent, which runs across British Columbia. Mr. Richmond P. Hobson says about himself that since 1932 he has been so closely associated with horses and cattle "that some people claim I look like a horse, others accuse me of acting like a horse, and I am quite sure that at times I smell like one."

UNDER THE SEA-WIND (Staples. 12s. 6d.) is another of those wonderful evocations of sea and under-sea life by Miss Rachel Carson, who deals this time with the sea-creatures' struggle for survival, whether on the shore and in the marshes and estuaries, or in the open sea, or in the tremendous depths of the ocean floor. Such is the power of this writer's prose, backed by her knowledge of her subject, that one accepts, and even more or less understands such phrases as "the cold, smooth body of a ctenophore collided with him," or discussion of "cunners and hook-eared sculpins."

This appears to be a vintage week for the books of travellers and naturalists, with Sir Arthur Grimble's A PATTERN OF ISLANDS (John Murray. 18s.) high among them. In this amiably and often wittily discursive volume, Sir Arthur tells the reader (and his style is conversational) of some of his adventures during the many years he spent as a Colonial Office administrator, at first very junior, in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. The inhabitants of the islands are not cannibals, as the writer had to explain to his relations' obvious disappointment, and there are neither the jungles nor the tigers they had pictured for him. Instead, there is a civilisation of its own and the winds and sharks as the natural enemies.

Mr. John Coast was for three-and-a-half years a prisoner of war of the Japanese, and it was while in captivity that he came to know, and to admire, his first Indonesians. After the war, when work even in a peace-time city seemed excessively dull, he made his way back to the East, at first to Bangkok and then to what had been the Netherlands East Indies, and was then struggling to become Free Indonesia. This struggle seemed much more to Mr. Coast's taste and he speedily became an ally of the leaders of the movement, organising an airlift, broadcasting, and otherwise giving his time and energy. RECRUIT TO REVOLUTION (Christophers. 18s.) is his own account of his adventures and of the political scene in Indonesia.

ANNE DE TOURVILLE, WHO HAS WON THE PRIX FEMINA WITH HER FIRST NOVEL: *Jabadao* (Britannicus Liber. 10s. 6d.), which has sold over 120,000 copies in France, is a story told with all the poetry and superstition of the Breton mind.

Miss Anne Scott-James protests that her book, well-named IN THE MINK (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), is not an autobiography, although it is about the world of fashion and although she was for six years editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. It must therefore be regarded as fiction, although it is not a novel either. It is, however, very entertaining reading, and that is all that really matters. The heroine of Miss Scott-James's unclassifiable book is an Oxford graduate of twenty as the story opens, who has just been given a junior post on a fashion magazine; at the close of the story she is its editor, and between lie other journalistic ventures and marriage and a baby.

THE ISLAND (Collins. 10s. 6d.), by Miss Jean Matheson, is a novel with no pretensions and no disguise, and very enjoyable it is. The story is of an American doctor of Scottish ancestry who rents a small castle on a small Western Isle and decides to stay there until—although he doesn't put it as succinctly as this—he finds some purpose in life. The island in question is delightfully free from whims; not a Barriesque character to be found among the whins and rocks. But it is not so free from plague, since the doctor arrives with a chance-met Indian servant who is quietly developing a case of cholera. The castle becomes the sick bay, and in the stress of nursing and sudden deaths, the islanders as well as the doctor discover a great deal about each other.

It would be difficult, and indeed perfectly unnecessary, to find a literary style that compared with Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein's, the author of a new novel, TOM TALLION (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). For a chapter or two I thought that its tightly-packed intricacies recalled the bead embroidery on a Victorian firescreen, but after further reading found the analogy inexact, as the pattern of this story has far freer loops and curlicues than could be contained on such a small and demure surface. Everything, incidentally, goes by contradiction. The book will not be everybody's meat, but for those who do relish its strangeness and sly humour it will be a real discovery.

ESCAPE—OR DIE (Evans. 15s.), *by Paul Brickhill, with an introduction by H. E. Bates, contains authentic stories of the R.A.F. Escaping Society.*

SOHO (Rich and Cowan. 18s.), *by Simon Dewes, is a further edition in the "Romance of London" series. There are 20 illustrations.*

In **THE ENGLISH CIRCUS** (Werner Laurie. 21s.) *Ruth Manning-Sanders traces the history of the circus in this country.*

THE NILE (Constable. 30s.), *by H. E. Hurst, is a general account of the river and the utilization of its waters. The book is illustrated.*

Sir Stanley Reed, whose long connections with the country go back to the last century, has now written **THE INDIA I KNEW, 1897-1947** (Odhams. 21s.).

SUPPLEMENT TO COMPLETE BOOK OF BALLETS (Putnam. 21s.) *is C. W. Beaumont's extension to his original* Complete Book of Ballets.

100 YEARS OF GOTHAM

High Life and Low Life in the City of New York

Manhattan Island, the 31 square miles of central New York, most glittering of modern cities, where the pace of life is possibly faster than anywhere else on earth, was discovered by Henry Hudson exploring on behalf of the Dutch East India Company in 1609, and the first houses for white men were built two years later. From 1785 to 1790 New York was the capital of the United States of America, having a population of about 33,000, but it was not until a century ago that the Empire City became the fabulous place we know to-day, and it is this century of astonishing exhilaration that Lloyd Morris writes about with such gusto and erudition in his new volume, INCREDIBLE NEW YORK (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.). It was Walt Whitman who said, "New York is more than a city; it is a way of life," and it is in this vein that Mr. Morris builds up his picture of modern Gotham, bringing before us some of the varied personalities in high life and low life who have contributed to the relentless progress, men like the Vanderbilts, the Astors and the Rockefellers, the all-powerful operators in railroads, real estate and oil; men like Diamond Jim Brady, Broadway's master of revels, its oracle and arbiter; Boss Tweed, who controlled everything from municipal contracts to the polling booths; or women like Texas Guinan, the presiding genius of speakeasy days, who saw to it that the city never went thirsty. On our way across these hundred eventful years we meet a legion of people famous and infamous, for the most part people of furious, abounding energy and drive. Some of that energy was misdirected along paths so tortuous that we cannot follow, as witness the dark achievement of Costello in organising New York rackets into cartels upon a nation-wide scale; and much of it was essentially frivolous. It is all part of a well-defined pattern, and in his book Lloyd Morris records that pattern in lively and authoritative fashion, although tending here and there perhaps to glorify the malefactors by giving them undue publicity. On every page, however, the extent of the author's research is obvious. He never becomes bogged down in a welter of fact, and his volume is much enhanced historically by the carefully-chosen drawings, paintings and lithographs.

In England the nearest equivalent to St. Simon is Lord Hervey, whose memoirs cover the first ten years of the reign of George II. During the greater part of this period Hervey lived at the Court, where he became such a favourite with the Queen, and through her with the King, that, as he himself says, they told him everything and talked of everything before him. Hervey put down all he saw and heard, while it was fresh in his memory, with such unvarnished veracity that when the Memoirs were first published Thackeray said it was as if "a Pompeii was opened to us—the last century dug up, with its temples and its games, its chariots and its public places." The original edition of the Memoirs was produced in 1848 from a manuscript of which many pages had been destroyed, and the remainder censored for publication by John Wilson Croker. Some twenty years ago, however, an uncensored and complete manuscript was discovered by Mr. Romney Sedgwick in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle and printed in an edition limited to 650 copies for this country and 250 for America. It is with that new material available that the latest edition of LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS (William Kimber. 25s.) is now published, and right welcome it is. Hervey was a courtier, an active politician with a pompous but effective manner, a clever, unprincipled man of loose morals and sceptical opinions, a ready writer and a keen observer of character. Indeed, he had most of the characteristics necessary for his task, and, thanks to the judicious editing of Mr. Sedgwick, who has removed some of the pomposities and the obscurities, we have here a volume of unflagging interest.

Here are two volumes of reminiscences which are sure of a welcome. H. Frank Wallace's PLEASE RING THE BELL (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.) commends itself because of his earlier volumes, *Happier Years* and *Hunting Winds*. The book is not all nostalgic, and Mr. Wallace's record of a post-war trip to Spain has all the zest of his more youthful activities. Sir William Darling's autobiography, SO IT LOOKS TO ME (Odhams. 21s.), is rich in anecdote, wit and wisdom, which is just what one would expect from this story of an Edinburgh draper's son who has achieved distinction in the realms of literature, politics, civic affairs and commerce, and who has been in his time shop assistant, hotel waiter, horse dealer, insurance salesman and journalist.

John Carter's A B C FOR BOOK COLLECTORS (Rupert Hart Davis. 15s.) is an expert but informal manual dealing with the special terminology of the book trade. This is an essential reference book for every collector, most notably the beginner.

Bernard Falk's THE NAKED LADY, that remarkable biography of Adah Menken, now appears in a new and revised edition (Hutchinson. 21s.). When it was first published in 1934 THE SPHERE reviewer declared that this was about ten times more exciting and arresting than the ordinary novel. There is no reason now to change that view.

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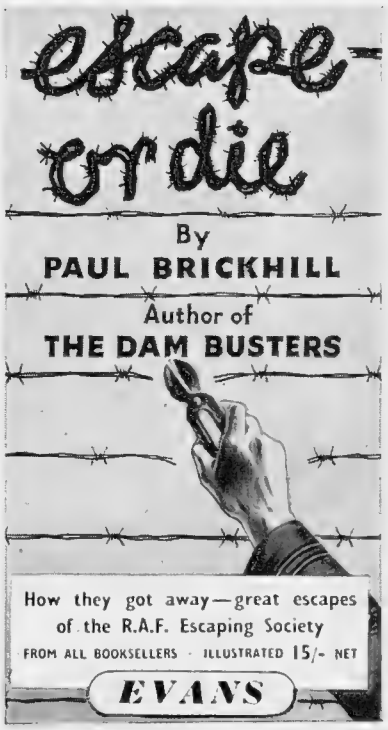

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The ADVENT of the FORECOURT SALESMAN

The Return to Branded Petrol Brings New Names to the Garage; Further Notes on the Prospects at Earl's Court and Some Reflections on the Paris Motor Show

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

BEFORE I start writing, this week, about the Motor Show that has just ended in Paris and the one which opens in London next Wednesday, I want to comment briefly on an occurrence that has shocked and saddened the motoring world and another that has gladdened it.

John Cobb, killed tragically on Loch Ness while trying to recapture for Britain the world water-speed record, already held the title of fastest man on earth, and Britain owes him much, both for gaining the land-speed record at 394.2 m.p.h. and for gallantly attempting to capture the double speed crown.

He died the death of a pioneer, and the sudden passing of this big, friendly man has caused great sorrow to a multitude of friends and admirers. Their sympathy goes out to his widow, who saw John die after he had driven his jet-propelled speedboat *Crusader* over the measured mile on the sinister Scottish loch at more than 200 miles an hour.

The item of good news to which I have referred is the decision that on January 31 next we shall see the last of Pool petrol. From February 1 motorists will be able to fill up with their favourite brand of petrol and will be able to buy a "normal" grade of spirit (with an octane or anti-knock value roughly equivalent to present-day Pool) or a "premium" quality petrol that will probably cost 3d. a gallon more.

For the first time for thirteen years motorists will then have a choice of several different brands of fuel, and will be able to use the one which suits their engines best, whether it is ordinary or premium. They will be able to get the best out of engines designed with an eye-and-a-half on the export markets, where it has been possible to buy high-quality petrol for years past

Many of them have never taken kindly to the low-octane Pool petrol, and their owners have been amazed at the difference in performance when they have taken their cars to the Continent and used the "super-carburant" which has long been available there.

There will be keen competition between Esso, Shell-Mex and B.P., Regent, Mobilgas, and the smaller companies to get motorists' custom. And do you realise that since you were last able to buy branded petrol in Britain a minor revolution has taken place in the technique of petrol sales?

Four-fifths of all the filling stations in Britain are now "tied" to one or other of the big oil firms, each of whom has been trying to instil an improved sense of customer service into the minds of garage proprietors and pump attendants alike. They have even renamed the men who fill you up. They now call them forecourt salesmen!

At the time of writing, I know of only three really new models that will be on view at Earl's Court next week. They are the Bentley "Continental," the new Humber Super Snipe, and a new Armstrong-Siddeley.

Current models that will appear with major alterations for 1953 include the Morris Minor (which will have the 800-cc. Austin engine designed for the new Austin Seven); the smaller of the Wolseleys, which will have a 1¼-litre engine in place of its present 1½-litre unit, although I understand the present Four-Fifty model will be continued; the 3-litre Daimler, which will appear as a shapely convertible, in addition to the saloon model we saw last year, and a drop-head version of the popular Austin Somerset.

All hope of seeing the new lightweight Standard saloon was dashed when Sir John Black, the Standard and Triumph chief, announced in Paris that he will not be bringing it out until next May, by which time he hopes the new car—which he may call the Standard Eight—will be in large-scale production.

It would seem that he does not want to follow the example of the Austin Motor Company, who "unveiled" their new Seven at last year's Motor Show, and who are still not building many of them. Certainly none has come on to the home market, except for demonstration purposes, but we shall start seeing them on the roads of Britain soon, when one of the assembly lines in the new Austin plant at Longbridge, which has been reserved for the purpose, starts churning them out.

Information about the new Standard "baby" has been coming out in dribs and drabs, and we now have a fairly good idea what Britain's latest economy car will be like. It is a four-door, four-seat saloon, with a 4-cylinder water-cooled engine of 800-cc. at the front, a petrol consumption of 50 m.p.g., a three-speed gearbox and a luggage boot that is unusually roomy for a lightweight car.

But what of the new cars that *will* be at Earl's Court? The 116 m.p.h. Bentley Continental sports saloon is a very handsome motor-car, with an elegance of line which has seldom been equalled, even by Mulliners, the coachbuilders who have collaborated with the Bentley people in producing it. The one on view at the Paris Salon, finished in dark green, attracted enormous interest.

It provided proof, if any were needed, that the Italian wizards can claim no monopoly in the creation of beautiful car bodies. And, incidentally, it was the most expensive car in the Salon, the total retail price being £7,079. In this new model the radiator, while retaining the famous Bentley look, is lower and has undergone other subtle changes which are admirably suited to the general lines of the car.

Alongside this new Bentley at Earl's Court we shall also see the improved sports saloon, about which I wrote in my last article. The luggage boot is bigger, the overall length has been increased by 7½ ins. and the 4½-litre engine is now served by two automatic-starting carburetters.

In addition to their new Super Snipe, the Rootes Group will have at Earl's Court the greatly improved Humber Hawk and Sunbeam-Talbot, to which I referred in my last Notes. The Group's popular Hillman Minx and the big Humber Pullman have not been altered this year.

The Nuffield Organisation has been more secretive than most about its 1953 programme, but I do not anticipate any big surprises, in spite of the fact that there has been much speculation about their Riley models. The Morris Oxford will remain substantially unchanged, though the frontal treatment has been improved. It does not look as though we shall see, at this year's Show, much evidence of the Austin-Nuffield merger in the way of standardisation, apart from the adoption for the wonderful little Morris Minor of the overhead valve 800-cc. engine evolved for the Austin Seven. By the time the 1953 Show comes around, I should imagine there will have been a weeding out of certain models in both Austin and Nuffield ranges, and the use of certain Austin engines in Nuffield models, or *vice versa*.

The Austin range is still wider than that offered by any other British firm, with thirteen models based on four engine sizes, and we shall see for the first time the attractive convertible model of the best-selling A40 Somerset.

With most of the other British firms it will be a case of "as you were." What of the foreign exhibitors? Great interest is certain to be aroused by the new Fiat 1900, which made its world début on the very day the Italian firm put the car into quantity production.

The Fiat people describe the new model as the "big sister" of their well-known "1400" model. Its outstanding feature, technically, is its transmission system, for it uses a five-speed gearbox in conjunction with a fluid coupling. The highest of the gear ratios is an overdrive in which the car is capable of 84 m.p.h.

Fourth gear gives a direct drive, like the normal top gear, and a friend who has driven one of these new cars in Italy tells me you can stop and restart in fourth gear on the accelerator alone without the slightest sign of juddering. That isn't bad for a 4-cylinder engine of only 1,900-cc. So look out for the new Fiat when you are at Earl's Court.

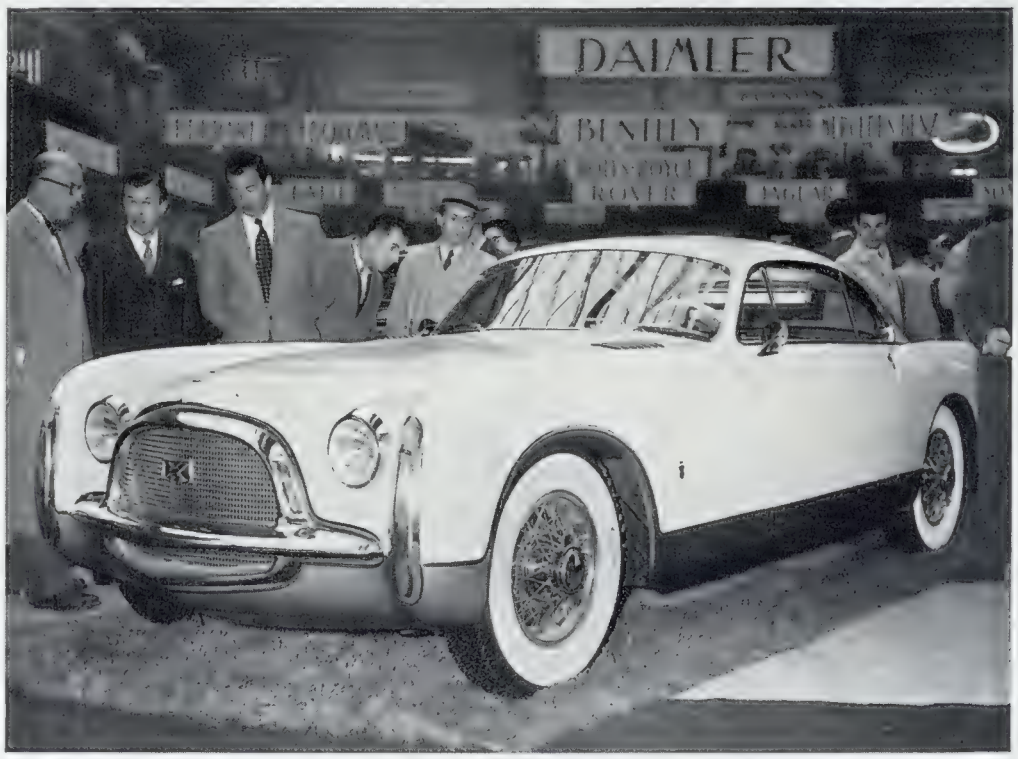
Another new car that was on view in Paris and which will be seen at Earl's Court next week, is the Spanish Pegaso, built by a firm famous for its coaches and heavy trucks. It is a sports car designed to use either a 2.5- or 2.8-litre V-8 engine, and the models on show at the Paris Salon looked very smart indeed. Whether they have got the engines working all right is perhaps another matter. They will be the first Spanish exhibits at the London Show since the war and will be particularly welcome.

In spite of the decision of the Society of Motor Manufacturers to allow Motor Show exhibitors to have on their stands used cars which have achieved something—like the Jaguar XK120 coupé which thrashed round Montlhèry for a whole week and the Sunbeam-Talbots that did so well in the Alpine Rally this year—I understand we shall not have the pleasure of seeing the Turbocar on the Rover stand.

This is a pity, especially in view of the fact that at the Paris Salon there was on view a handsome saloon with a gas turbine engine. It looked good, and attracted a lot of attention. But the fact is that that particular car had never been out on the road. A similar turbine engine had been tested in another chassis, but I should imagine that its development falls far short of the point reached by the Rover Company.

Indeed, the makers—S.O.C.E.M.A.—admit that they do not intend to build turbine-engined cars. They want to develop this new power unit for heavy commercial vehicles. Yet this fact did not stop them from exploiting a very smart bit of "window-dressing." At Earl's Court I should like to be able to see the Rover Turbocar which proved itself earlier this year in impressive timed speed tests on the Belgian motor road near Ostend.

It will not be there. "We can't spare it that long," a Rover official told me. "Our experimental programme would suffer if we put either of our turbocars in the Show." There 's something in that, of course.



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS AT THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW; AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, SOME OF THE NAME-BOARDS OF THE BRITISH EXHIBITORS: The sleek new American Chrysler here seen on its stand at the Salon de l'Automobile at the Grand Palais, Paris, received much attention by visitors to the Show, even though the accent was on smaller cars. Many of the other big American cars on show, it was noted, were passed by with little attention from the public. The Chrysler's bodywork is by Ghia, the Italian coachbuilder. The motor-manufacturers of Western Germany took advantage of the opportunity of making their display at the Paris Motor Show the biggest since the end of the war. The production figures of that country are now bigger than they were in the peak year of 1938, when 276,000 cars were manufactured in all Germany. Pictures of the new gas turbine car, the first to be made in France, and which is the joint work of Gregoire, who made the chassis and body, and Socema, who had produced the power unit, appeared in last week's issue of "The Sphere."

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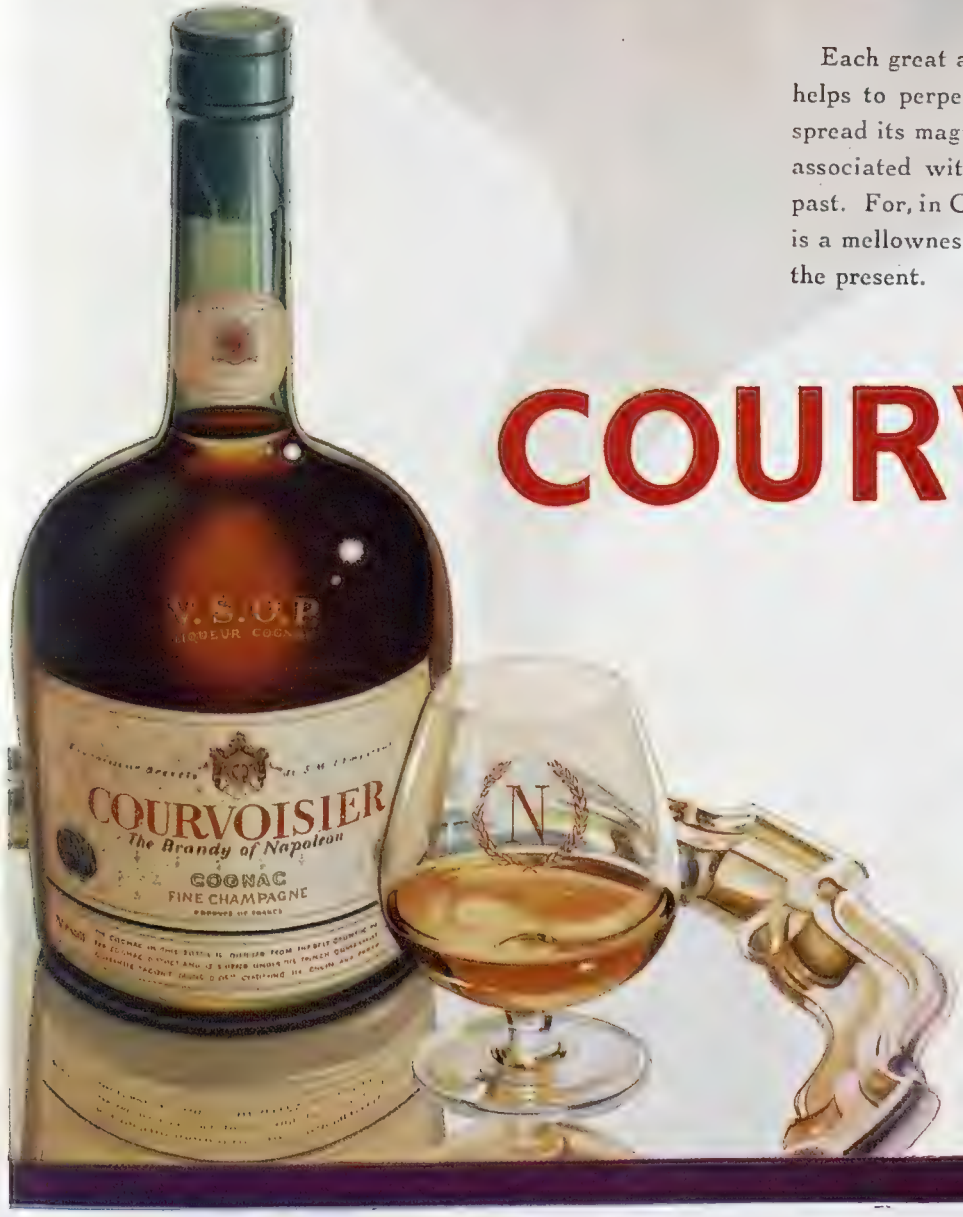

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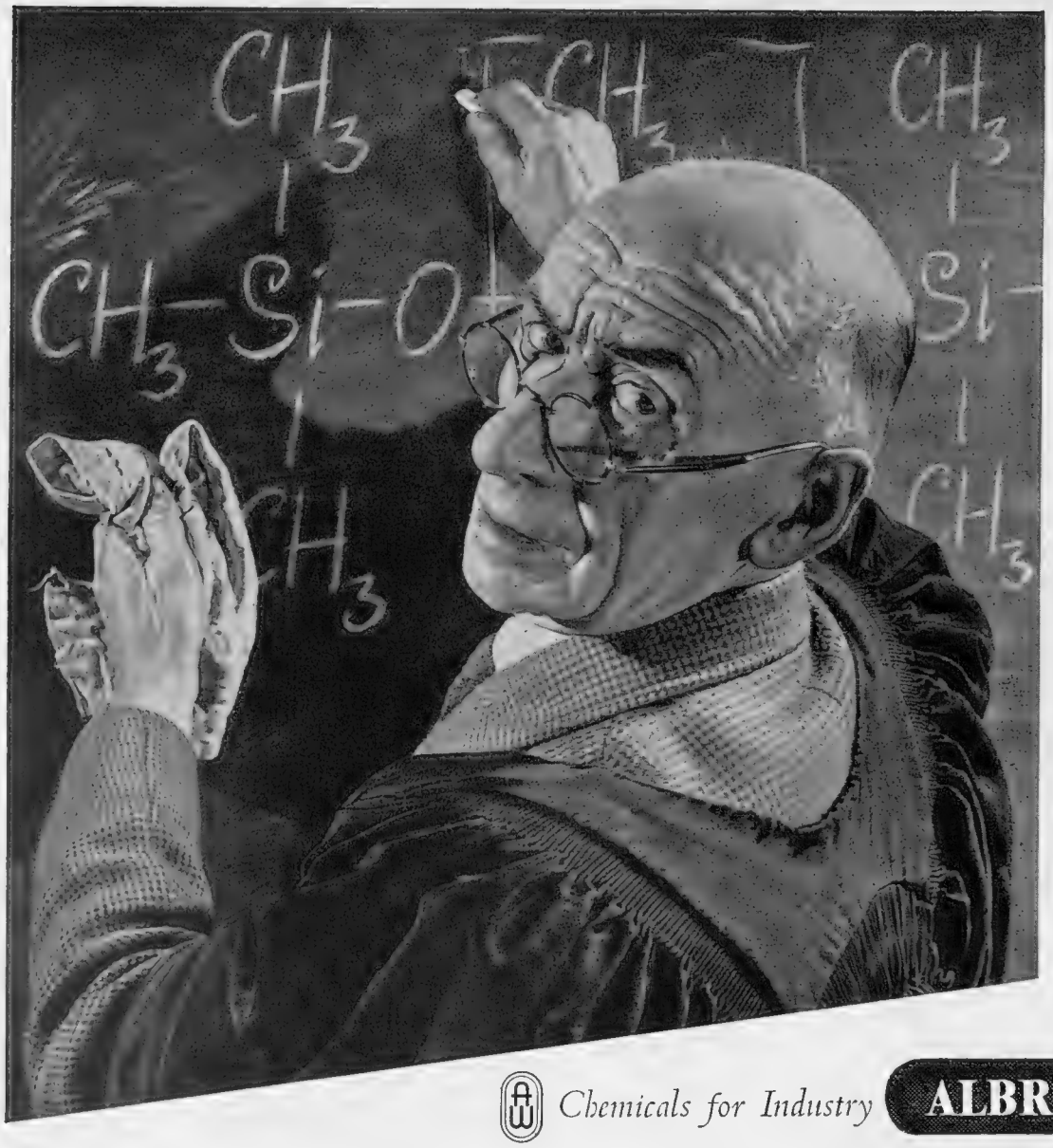

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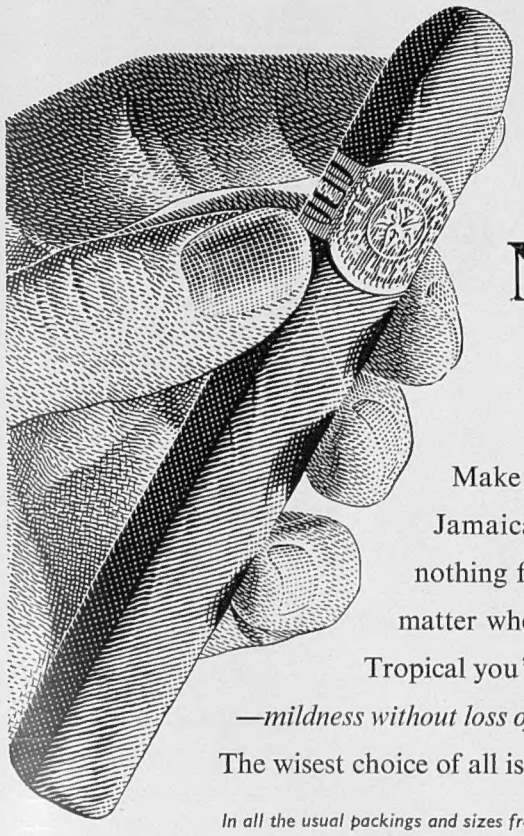

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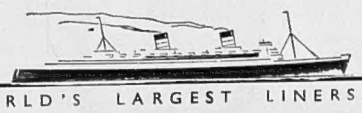

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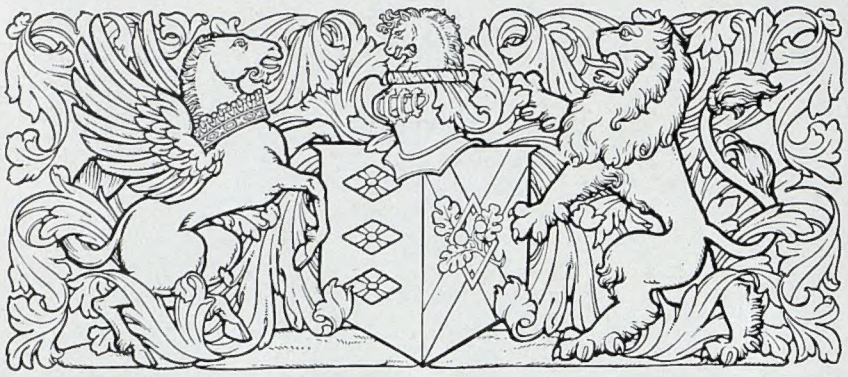

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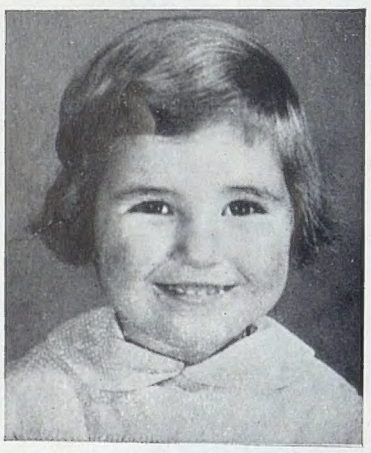

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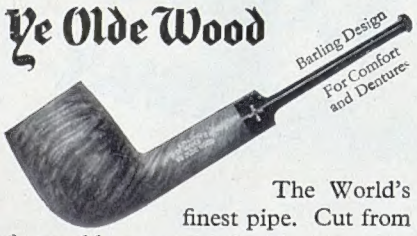

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